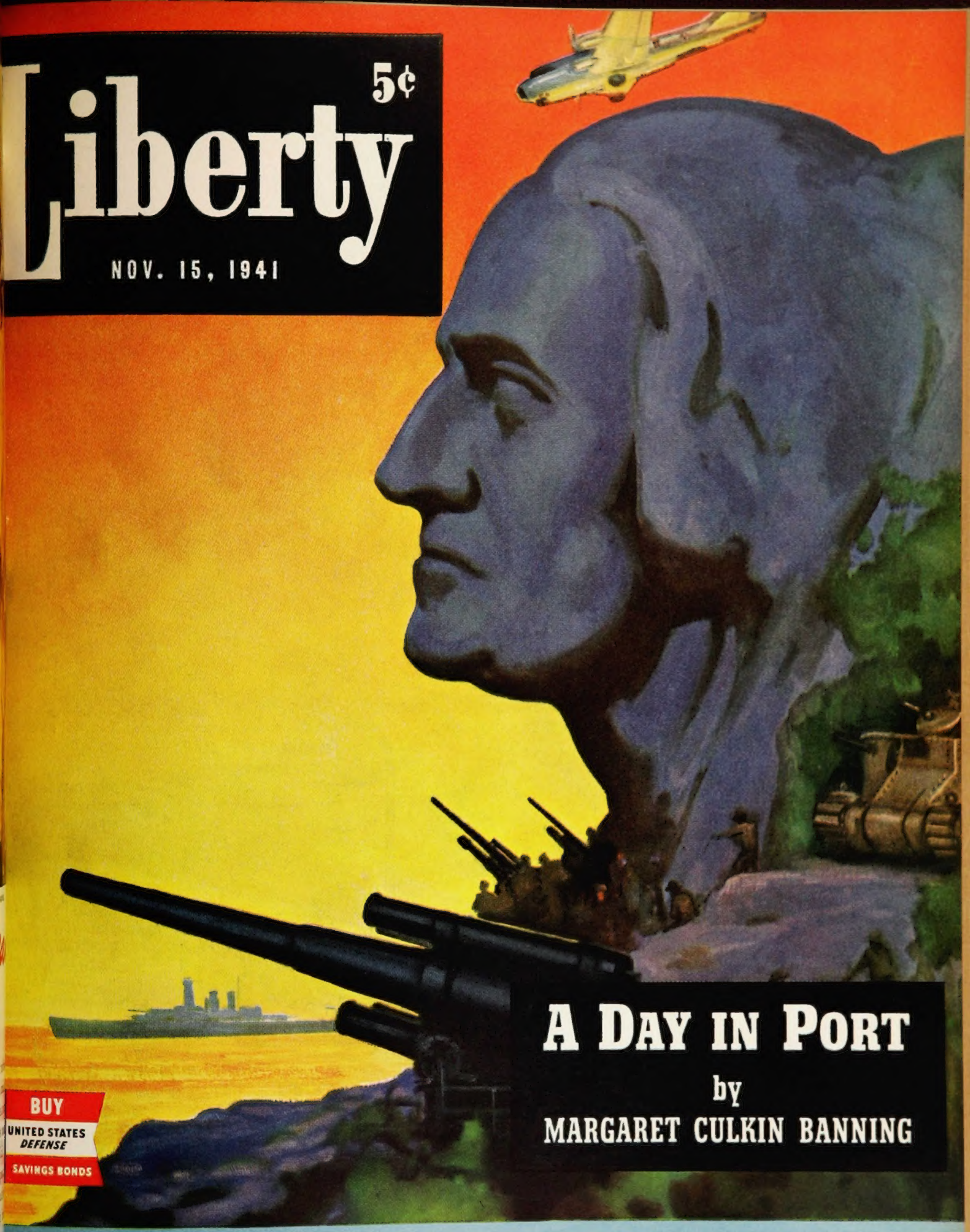
Liberty

5¢

NOV. 15, 1941



A DAY IN PORT

by

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS

BUG DOCTOR:

THE STORY OF AN ALIENIST IN PRISON

Good Words to Remember

Take Special Care of Your Car this Winter. The Man to help Make it Last ...Keep it Thrifty ... is your Mobilgas dealer.

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

• As more tanks, guns, planes—and fewer cars—roll out of Detroit, we *must* make our present cars last.

It's *important*, with winter ahead, to give your car a Fresh Start at the Red Horse Sign.

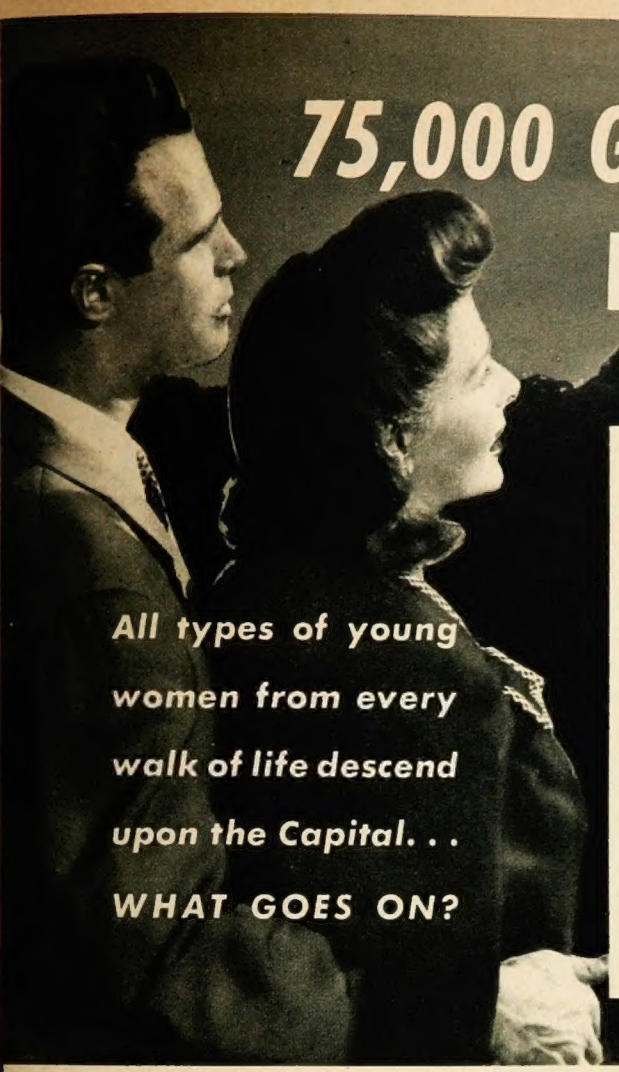
First, new Mobiloil Arctic. *It cleans as it lubricates.* Then, chassis, radiator, gears protected. And a tankful of *Winter* Mobilgas.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC. & affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co. — General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

Give Your Car a Fresh Start for Winter

Mobiloil Arctic • Mobilubrication • Winter Mobilgas

75,000 Girls Invade Washington



All types of young women from every walk of life descend upon the Capital... WHAT GOES ON?

Five o'clock has tolled in Washington. Out of hundreds of buildings into crowded streets stream thousands of girls—eager, young, alive. During the day they are important cogs in a great machine, but "after hours" . . . what?

What's happening to these throngs of girls in the nation's capital? Here's the first inside picture, as told by one of them, direct from Washington. You'll be fascinated and amazed when you meet the fastest living people in America, so be sure to read "Miss Smith Goes to Washington," True Story's book-length true novel for December!

A MOTHER IS BORN

By Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe

The world's most famous country doctor of Dionne Quintuplet fame, Allan Roy Dafoe, wisely reminds all women that every time a child is born, a mother also is born! Digging deep into his notebook of hundreds of memorable cases, Dr. Dafoe now illustrates his sage observation with the story of Mary Donaldson, the woman who dreaded childbirth and the ties of a youngster, yet found a stirring, new courage. Dr. Dafoe now reveals this truly remarkable episode in the new True Story!

LOVE BEHIND THE MICROPHONE

Real pathos, *real* romance, *real* heartbreaks among radio actors whose business is emotion! What goes on *behind* the mike? How do these actors themselves play their own life roles—these people who make daytime radio drama so vividly alive? Learn the moving answers in "Radio Love"

BY MARGARET SANGSTER

top-flight author and foremost radio writer—in December True Story!

ALSO IN THIS BIG ISSUE!

God Bless America—The Schoolmarm and the Sailor—Three Barks for Love—The Whole Town Was Talking.

On Sale Now

"It's easy to handle 30 women. . . ."

says famous bandleader Phil Spitalny after seven hectic years of conducting his popular all-girl orchestra, now on the Sunday evening NBC "Hour of Charm". The maestro claims a woman can be managed in ten different ways—and he ought to know! They're swell rules, all in the new True Story!

December **True Story**

Vox Pop

The First Word-- From Our Readers

AN ENGLISHMAN AND MR. ERSKINE AGREE ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA

PUEBLO, COLO.—I have been interested in the idea of Union Now and your articles. Now comes this on a card mailed from a south coast town in Britain that knows all about blackouts and blitzkriegs. The writer is a frail little man, keen-minded, a writer and translator, supposed now to be retired.

"To me the proposal of Union between the U. S. A. and Britain seems impractical. We *are* united. Let us work together, that's the main thing. And do you tackle the complex and delicate but most vital problem of unity between the U. S. A. and the states of South America."—*Edna E. Prevost.*

John Erskine tackled it tellingly in Why South America Fears Us (October 18 Liberty). He agrees with the writer from Britain that the problem is complex and delicate, and thinks we in the U. S. A. have helped to make it so.—VOX POP ED.

IT OUGHT TO TEACH YOU A LESSON

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The article by Eddie Dooley, Football Experts Are Phonies (October 4 Liberty), is quite a laugh. What does he say about his Pigskin Forecast in September 6 Liberty, when he wrote Boston College a powerhouse, Mississippi State another powerhouse, etc.? Many have already fallen by the wayside.

I used his article and lost my shirt.—*Don Kell.*

WE HOPE THERE WILL BE AS MANY MILLION BUYERS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—We have noticed with great appreciation the U. S. Defense Savings Bonds logotype on the front cover of current issues of Liberty. Reprinted so many million times, this has a strong effect on people throughout the country and we are obliged to you for incorporating it in your designs.—*Harford Powel, Director of Information, Defense Savings Staff, Treasury Department.*

LIBERTY IN THE PULPIT

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—In my judgment, "God Runs My Business" (September 13 Liberty), in which William F. McDermott told the story of Bob Le Tourneau, is one of the most marvelous things of its kind which has appeared in any popular publication in recent years. I took the time to read the above story in its entirety to a morning audience in our church, and was pleased greatly over the response.—*O. James Sowell, Minister, University Place Christian Church.*

WE WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST THEM

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—Darling . . Hello! by Constance Bestor (September 20 Liberty), was wonderful. Let's have more of her work.

And no more of this leaving out the Short Short, as you did in the October 4 issue. They aren't using those for defense too, are they?—*Mrs. Max Lee.*

OOPS, SORRY! DEPARTMENT

KOKOMO, IND.—Before the letters start coming, let me correct an answer to Question 25 in my Who-Said-It Quiz (October 4 Liberty).

John Kieran, who certainly would mark me wrong and not send me any encyclopedia, was credited with authorship of the "brains trust" phrase. Actually, the man who coined it was James Kieran, John's brother, and, like him, a member of the New York Times staff.

I feel sure that my copy read James, for I knew the distinction.—*Dow Richardson.*

Call for sackcloth and ashes. It did read James. Liberty made the mistake.—VOX POP ED.

COMING RIGHT UP, LADY

NEWARK, N. J.—Beatrice Williamson (October 11 Vox Pop) asked about the Puzzle Poems you used to have, and you published one. I liked Geograms.—*Ruth Brown.*

Geogram on page 52. How's that for service?—VOX POP ED.

IT ISN'T SO MUCH THE OIL; IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING

GREENVILLE, S. C.—Your editorial of October 11, The Great Oil Mystery, was indeed a masterpiece. I hope that it was read by official Washington.

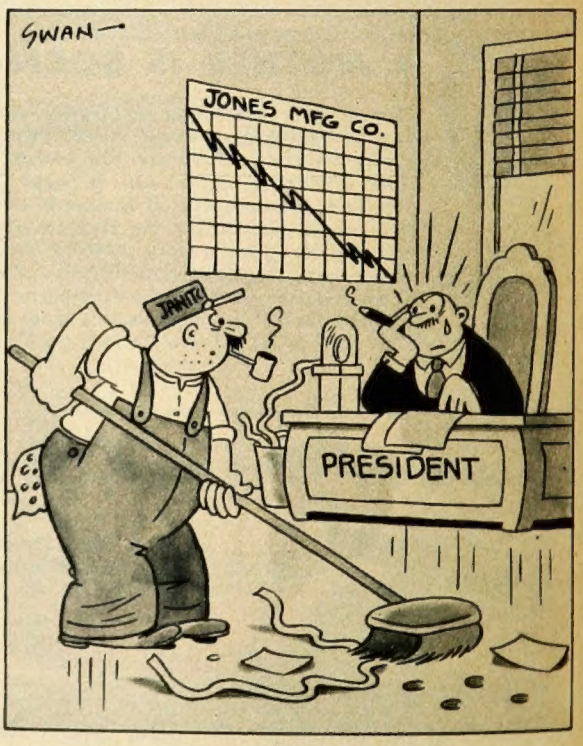
The question of a gasoline shortage, as it now appears, is of a secondary nature. The methods and subterfuges employed in proclaiming such oil restrictions now assume a new and added significance.

Democracy, as a word, cannot save us as a nation, neither can it guide us. But it most certainly can provide a medium through which the best and wisest of guidance can be reasoned and applied.—*Caleb Colby.*

GET IT? NEITHER DID WE

PITMAN, N. J.—I CAN NOT—I WILL-NOT agree with Dr. Charles Earle Funk in his Correct English Quiz (October 11 Liberty) in the use of "can" and "not" as one word. I SHALLNOT look for an

(Continued on page 61)



"How much do you janitors make a week?"

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"I'll bet you're a spy from the Chicago Bears!"

CAMEL: You wrong me, little brother. I have no intention of stealing your plays.

MAN: Yeah? What else could you be doing here, you desert jitney?

CAMEL: Believe it or not, Effendi, I'm here to beat the drum for PAUL JONES—that All-American of whiskies!

MAN: You mean you're not going to disclose our hipper-dipper triple-reverse-with-a-half-spin to the enemy?

CAMEL: Nay, Twice-Blessed, I come to enlighten—I bear a message concerning that rare and delightful quality in whiskey known as *dryness*. Yes, *dryness*—the quality connoisseurs prize so highly in the finest champagne and sherry!

MAN: My goodness, you meet *everybody* at pro games, these days! But go on—what has dryness to do with whiskey?

CAMEL: Ah, My Leather-Lunged-One, dryness, or lack of sweetness, is that quality which allows the full, unblemished flavor and aroma of the whiskey to reach you unimpaired—in all their glorious perfection. And the whiskey possessing this delightful dryness is known among the wise as—PAUL JONES!

MAN: Wouldn't you have to practically mortgage the stadium to get a whiskey that good?

CAMEL: A thousand times NO! The price of Paul Jones is so modest that it is known far and wide as a *great buy*. So great a buy, Sahib, that its popularity jumped five times in less than two years!

MAN: Why, you steamboat of the Sahara, I believe you have something! Here, won't you wear our team's colors!

CAMEL: Sahib, as a rooter yourself, you should know that my heart belongs to the Orange-and-Black of good old P.J.!

The very best buy is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore. The straight whiskies in Paul Jones are 4 years or more old.

TAKE A TIP FROM ME:

Don't let

double O

do you out of Romance

"IT SEEMED almost like love at first sight when I filled in on a date with a dashing young flier. But what an awakening I got when I overheard him say: 'Next time, Ted, don't stick me with a gal who has the "Double O." Ellen's nice, but when she opens her mouth, I long for the open sea. She's got double trouble.' "

Sister, your charms don't mean very much if you're careless about the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath). It's the double offense that can come between you and many a good time!

So, why not use the delightful double precaution so many popular girls insist on. For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's made especially for the beauty and brilliance of your smile. It's a special, new formula which does a really remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits.

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is the result of 8 years' work on the part of skilled experts. Many girls say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

For the breath, it's Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to put your best foot forward, don't neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start right in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more attractive smile and Listerine for a sweeter breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the double precaution against double O — *Offensive Breath* / *Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Girl

BY BUBBLES SCHINA

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Hollywood, California.

Phyllis darling:

Don't be too shocked or surprised to discover this letter in Liberty, under the title of Girl Meets Girl. I am in the middle of a fit of laziness—produced by too much of the famous California sunshine—and I'm killing two birds with one stone by writing to you and getting my column done at the same time.

Just got back from Howard Greer's fashion show. He is featuring what he calls the Spool Silhouette. Almost all the dresses, day and evening, are slashed in front to a normal length but trailing in the back. He also exhibited some "cocktail" or "tea" dresses, new to Hollywood. A prewar mood influenced each.

I heard Jeanette MacDonald swoon over a pink lamé evening gown, very décolleté, with which the model wore a long loose cape of ruby-red velvet.

There was quite a turnout, too, for Irene's showing. She used a modified version of the Spool Silhouette, and her suits are, as always, simple and stunning. Most of her dinner and evening gowns are startling. There was one remarkable evening coat made of smooth shiny silver, floor length, buckled and belted and buttoned like an aviator's.

Claudette Colbert was there and looked charming in a white dress thickly printed with red carnations.

I saw Bernard Newman's collection. He builds the best black dress in Hollywood. One of the lovelier ones was a bouffant Victorian evening gown of black net. He made one for Barbara Hutton in the chocolate dark brown she loves for after sundown.

Norma Shearer was there in stark black from tip to toe and with one of those popular bag hats.

By the way, I bought you a pair of champagne-colored culottes, which you can wear for bowling in the city and instead of a skirt or slacks in the country. I got you an orangy-red pull-over to wear with them and a Paisley-printed blouse.

I went to the surprise party John Payne gave for Anne Shirley, to celebrate their wedding anniversary. Anne looked perfectly beautiful in a blue-green dress with a plaited skirt and a tweed jacket of a similar shade. She was incoherent with excitement about her present, which John had designed for her—two gold clips, one spelling "yes" and the other "no."

eets Girl

She promptly pinned them to her pockets, where they looked too cute.

We talked about the stocking shortage for a second. It caused just as much of a furor here as in New York. Incidentally, all the "glamourlets" are wearing black stockings. Men, I've discovered, either adore them or look most disapproving. . . . For that desirable glaze of color over the bare leg, you can get stockings "out of a bottle." The two-ounce bottle of an excellent liquid, made for this purpose, costs $1 and you apply it with an atomizer. You needn't fear any runs until you take your tub. Betty Grable takes an eyebrow pencil and draws a seam down the back of her handsome legs—the illusion is therefore complete.

All the homesick-for-New-York Hollywood gals are sporting one of the newest additions to lapellery. It is a tiny gold street-lamp signpost pin. One miniature sign reads Broadway; the other, 42nd St., and the lamp proper is a luminous pearl. $1.50.

Have you noticed the Blackout Bags? They are novel, because they come equipped with a minute flashlight that you can light with a flick of the thumb. Saves that painful search for keys or lipstick when you are plunged in darkness. They cost $2.98 and come in black, brown, red, or green felt.

The current pet charity out here is called Bundles for Buddies, which every one is interested in. The point is that for $2, $3, $4, or $5 you send one of the boys in the service a parcel holding necessities and a few extra niceties. I think it's an excellent idea. After all, we mustn't neglect our own army and navy, to say nothing of the marines.

Well, enough for now. I'll be back week after next. It will be fun to see all the new things that have sprung up as soon as I turned my back. I'm eager to survey, but at the moment I think I'll mail this and go to sleep.

Love,
BUBBLES.

Old Plugs INVITE TROUBLE!

Ward Off Winter Driving Ills—Help Conserve Gasoline—with new CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Here's quick relief from the paralyzing effects of cold weather on cars using old, worn-out, inferior quality spark plugs, which cause hard starting, sluggish performance, poor gas mileage—new Champion Spark Plugs!

Old plugs—spark plugs that have been in service 10,000 miles or more—invite trouble. Carbon encrusted insulators, burned electrodes and compression leakage rob all spark plugs of their efficiency. This results in hard starting, run-down batteries, poor acceleration and loss of power and speed. Economy of operation disappears.

A new set of Champions will not only ward off these winter driving ills, but in addition give you that imperative *extra* gas mileage required by our national gasoline economy program.

Outstanding among Champions' many patented features is the sensational Sillment seal which banishes troublesome leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Since leakage in spark plugs causes them to overheat, resulting in pre-ignition, rough unresponsive and wasteful engine operation, you can see how important it is for you to insist on Champions—the spark plugs champions use.

You're always ahead with Champion!
SPARK PLUGS

How mad should a guy get for 15¢?

1. Am I burned up. I come home after a hard day, and when I sit down with the paper to check on the ponies, what do I find? Some bulbsnatcher's gone and swiped the lamp bulb!

2. So I ask the wife. "Sure," she admits, "I took it for the kitchen . . . after you put the kitchen bulb in the garage!" If that isn't like a woman. Tryin' to pin it on *me!*

3. "So," I says, "you gotta strain your eyes or be a bulbsnatcher. So you don't know you can get new G-E lamps for ten or fifteen cents apiece!" And can you imagine? She starts drippin' tears!

4. I give up! How mad should a guy get for 15¢? I go down to the corner and for a buck, get enough G-E bulbs to fill the empty sockets and some spares too. Also, I'm smart enough to lug home some ice cream, and everything's hunky-dory!

WHY BE A BULBSNATCHER
NOW G-E LAMPS COST SO LITTLE
AND STAY BRIGHTER LONGER?
GET SOME SPARES TODAY—
BUT BE SURE YOU GET G-E !

75 and 100 watt..... **15¢**
15 and 25 watt..... **10¢**
40, 50, and 60 watt..... **13¢**
150 watt Silvered Bowl... **45¢**

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC
Made to stay brighter longer

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

NOVEMBER 15, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 46

THE GREAT HOUSING SCANDAL

☆ BY now the whole country knows the unsavory history of the Currier contract for government housing. But does the public know the far greater danger to the progress of modern society that lies in the depths of this almost incredible episode?

As almost every one knows, the government asked for bids on a housing project for defense workers in Detroit. When the bids were opened, it was found that a certain Mr. Currier had bid the lowest, his figure being $400,000 less than the bid that was accepted. Mr. Currier was congratulated by government officials, who told him to go home and start work at once. They promised to sign contracts with him within two weeks. But no contracts were signed with Mr. Currier. The people he talked with in Washington were evasive, and it was a long time before the United States Senate got to the bottom of the mess.

Why was a bid nearly half a million dollars more than Mr. Currier's bid preferred by the Washington officials? He operated a closed shop and his men were all C. I. O. members. What was the answer?

It all came out. Mr. Sidney Hillman—himself a C. I. O. man and certainly playing no favorites—had signed a contract stabilizing building contracts in the American Federation of Labor. Thus, to prevent strikes, the United States government had been forced to create a monopoly—and almost to double the cost of those houses to the taxpayer.

But that is not the worst of it. Why was Currier able to make a lower bid? Why was he able to offer the government of the United States so great a saving? Was his wage scale lower? Were his working conditions bad? Was he sweating labor?

No; it was nothing like that. Currier simply was applying to building the principles of mass production. He was prefabricating houses. He was bringing the building industry up to date. No industry needs modernization more.

One reason that we have housing shortages and poor housing in this very rich country is that the cost of all building operations are high because the industry employs antiquated methods. Building is still, in effect, a handicraft industry. Some years ago the steel industry launched a steel prefabricated house which could be erected in no time, and which, once it got into mass production, would be inexpensive. The steel prefabricated house was never put over because the building unions objected to it. They would not handle it. They would not wire it or do the plumbing. They stood in the path of progress. Now they are doing the same thing in the instance of the Currier bid.

Mass production in low-priced housing is as inevitable as it has become in the manufacture of automobiles or clothing. Sooner or later, the building unions will have to bow to superior methods, just as those who smashed the first sewing machine or tore up the early railroad tracks had to bow to the inevitable.

Why not now, when our need is so great?

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The Story of an Alienist in Prison as told to

AVERY STRAKOSCH

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

[EDITOR'S NOTE: "If I were a layman," writes the anonymous author of this series, "and if another man told me of experiences similar to mine as a psychologist in a so-called progressive state prison, I'm sure I would question his veracity. Certain incidents would seem incredible. Nevertheless, the facts of my story are true. For obvious reasons I have veiled the identities of persons and places."]

PART ONE—THE BOY WHO DIDN'T GO OVER THE WALL

☆ SCOTTY FERRIS opened the door and came into my room. His face was tired and white.

"A big break tonight," he said. "Three men right over the wall. With two ladders tied end to end."

"Who got away?" I asked.

"Two gangsters, Langdon and Terry."

"And the third?"

Scotty hesitated. "Bill Thomas," he said slowly. Then suddenly, "I'm awfully sorry, doctor! You did such a wonderful job with that boy!"

I was out of bed now. "I'm going to the prison," I said. "Those poor devils can't get very far in this country. If they're shot at, I may be needed in the operating room."

In a few moments I had pulled out of the little village where Scotty, the prison parole officer, and I have bachelor quarters. As I drove up the steep mountain road to the gates of Glen Alder State Prison, a trooper stopped me.

"Oh, it's you, doc. They've just found Langdon, I hear. Other side of the mountain. Tough baby. Had to mess him up before he'd halt. Hip shattered."

At the prison gate Jim Dale, a grim-faced sergeant, jumped on my running board. "Too bad for you about that Thomas boy," he said. "Maybe you'll understand now, doc, why we old-timers don't believe in this modern bug-doctor stuff!"

The prison grounds were bright as day. Every floodlight along the wall had been turned on, and giant searchlights were blinking. I stopped before the hospital, rushed up the steps. Inside, an old man, an inmate nurse, came up to me.

"I'm glad you've come, doctor!" he said. "Mr. Fielder has been trying to locate Dr. Wickett. They've brought Langdon in. He's in pretty bad shape."

Dr. Wickett was the prison surgeon and Fielder the civilian night nurse. I found Fielder in the operating room. He looked worried as he watched a guard who was carefully slitting the unconscious Langdon's trouser leg to

Outside the center cell stood the P. J. "Does 'oo want to commit suey-cide? Well, here's a nice big ropey for 'oo!"

Bug Doctor

"Incredible" was the word which came most often to his mind . . . . But these are facts

the hip with a razor blade. The white stretcher was blotched with dark red. I knew no time could be lost.

Although my title at Glen Alder is psychiatrist, it is known that I originally studied surgery and in my early days of practice assisted my father, a general practitioner, so the other doctors on the hospital staff take it for granted that I can, and will, pinch-hit for them. I had finished washing up and was getting into an operating gown when Dr. Wickett arrived. I was relieved to let him probe for that bullet in Langdon's shattered hip.

I walked down the hall now and entered my own office. From a file I took a card, the record of Bill Thomas' social and criminal history. Seated at my desk I began to read it and the additional notes I had made at various times concerning his character and personality traits.

Only a few days before, Bill had rushed past young Dr. Bray, my assistant, into my office. "Please, doctor, don't let them send me outside!" he had begged. "I can't trust myself. I—I'm afraid! They're going to put me on roadwork! Once outside, I'll try for a break. I'm afraid of myself, especially when I know that my girl has been waiting for me all these eight years!"

"And for good behavior you've knocked off nearly two years, which means you have only four more months to go." I paused. "Have you lost your senses, Bill?"

"Don't lecture me, doc! I'm telling you, I'm admitting I'm as weak as water! But don't let them send me outside *now!* Put yourself in my place!"

"I am putting myself in your place. That's why I know you aren't weak. I know you're going to pull yourself together. You're leaving this prison the right way. Not over the wall but through the door!"

But I wasn't too sure. I had discovered long ago that weakness, strength—neither has anything to do with this sudden prison sickness. This verge-of-freedom madness. These last few months when freedom crawls so slowly toward imprisoned men that they will suddenly rush to meet it, taking any chance. So I had sent Bill Thomas away that day with the promise that I would talk to the principal jailer. He alone could rescind the order and have Bill kept inside, out of temptation.

But before I could see the P. J., another inmate was taken ill. Bill was sent to replace him in the little engine house on the far edge of the grounds. From there, I figured, he must have made his getaway.

Bill Thomas was more than an ordinary prisoner to me. On his sixteenth birthday he had been sentenced to Glen Alder. I remembered well the autumn day he had arrived, handcuffed to a sheriff. As they got out of the sheriff's car, he had seemed a mere child. He had looked about him unbelievingly, staring first at the prison walls, then at me. Suddenly his gaze had rested upon the wooded hills beyond the river.

"I went squirrel hunting over there once," he said slowly. Tears came to his eyes.

Maybe you recall Bill Thomas—or would recall his real name. He'd gone to a roadhouse with two high-school companions, sons of locally prominent men. He hadn't known these boys very well. When they stopped at his house, in a poor section of the town, and invited him to join them, he felt flattered.

At the roadhouse a young woman greeted them. Several rounds of drinks, and Bill's memory blurred. Early the next morning the police found him alone at a table, groggy. Beneath it lay the young woman, dead, a bullet in her breast. It developed that she had been pregnant.

A gun nosed out of Bill's pocket. One chamber was empty. The autopsy proved the time of the shooting—before dawn. The two boys, their families swore, had returned home before midnight.

Bill had never mixed it with the law before. Suddenly, at his trial, he saw the wall of circumstantial evidence that was closing about him. On the stand he went berserk, denounced the State, called the prosecuting attorney a liar, the judge a fool. He was sentenced from ten to twenty years to Glen Alder. . . .

And now some one was knocking on my office door—Dr. Wickett. "What are you dreaming about?" he asked.

"I was considering that boy Bill Thomas," I replied. "I believed in him—"

"Exactly why I want to see you. Have they searched for young Thomas *inside?*"

"What do you mean?"

"That gangster Langdon went wild under the anesthetic. Cursed Thomas for trying to stop him and Terry! Is it possible—"

I did not wait for Wickett to finish. Calling to a guard to follow me, I dashed out to the entrance door and down the hospital steps.

The lights from the prison wall picked the small engine house out of the darkness. Inside, the place was black. I found the electric fixture. The bulb was shattered. The guard, following me, turned his flashlight on the floor, the walls. Everything was in place, or seemed to be. Then the light touched the wide shelves built against the far wall behind the engine.

I crossed to them and fingered the articles stored there—tools, cans of grease, cotton waste. I was about to turn away when my hands touched something sticky.

Under a covering of waste was the bloodstained head of Bill Thomas. His body, doubled over, was bound with wire. Waste had been stuffed into his mouth and sealed with adhesive tape.

Bill's refusal to turn over two ladders in the engine house to the escaping men, Langdon and Terry, had nearly cost him his life. In the hospital next day I asked him why he had risked it unnecessarily.

(*Continued on page 41*)

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

War Refugees — Mad

☆ THERE is one war story that cannot be told, and that is the tragic epic of uprooted families.

Any one soldier's experience in battle will be that of ten thousand others. His story will be theirs. But none of the civilian victims of war can thus speak for all. Each refugee family, stumbling down the road with its portable household goods, has its own unique tale of shattered dreams and slain ambition, of treasures abandoned which no money can replace. Money can buy or benevolence provide a new and better house; but the frame of the kitchen door will not be notched with the marks that show how much the children grew between birthdays. There will be other acres to till, but the apple trees grandpa set out the year of his marriage are charred stumps miles below the horizon.

Now, that is all too bad, of course, but war is war, and it happens every generation, so the Belgians and Poles and Serbs must long since have been resigned to it. Besides, it can't happen here. . . .

Wait a minute! Wait a minute! It *is* happening here. Thousands of American families are turning their backs on demolished homes and shattered farms to face a blankly inscrutable future right here in the United States—war refugees all. No enemy is at their heels. Their own government ousted them. The lands they farmed are needed for army cantonments, for fields of maneuver, for the loading and storage of ammunition, and in its haste to provide for the national defense the government made no provision for them.

Already more than 2,200,000 acres have been appropriated, and the total to be reached is more than double that. From 35,000 to 50,000 families will have been uprooted when the program of land acquisition is completed.

Of course the government pays for the farms it takes. But it drives a hard bargain. It does not pay cash in hand. Often the occupants of the lands scarcely have time to pack their belongings before the government contractors move in, uprooting orchards, leveling fences, and demolishing buildings, but the payment is not made until months later.

That expectancy of payment at least gives the ousted farmer credit standing. Banks may—but do not always—lend him some money at a tidy interest rate on the strength of the federal I O U. It is a rare farmer, however, who owns his farm free and clear; the mortgagee must first be satisfied. The overwhelming impact falls upon the tenant farmer and the share cropper, and inasmuch as most of the program of acquisition is being carried out in the South, those left virtually destitute by the military's dispossession are a very big majority.

Were it not for the resettlement division of the Farm Security Administration, this would be a horror story indeed. That agency, under the direction of Major John O. Walker, has done what it could without extra money or increased personnel. It has built hundreds of raw, unfinished four-room pine shacks to house the homeless, and it is doling out funds to keep the people fed. Fifty dollars has to suffice a family for three months. That is all FSA can afford, and Congress shows no inclination to supply more money. In fact, the War Department—backed by the Departments of Justice and the Treasury—is opposed to granting more compensation because it would establish "a dangerous precedent"!

You see, most of the evacuated can't vote, because in the South the privilege of balloting is reserved for those who can afford to pay poll taxes. Consequently the Southern congressmen, always so avid to vote "farm benefits" which usually profit absentee landlords and banks, are indifferent to the genuine suffering of the thousands of dispossessed share croppers and tenant farmers.

The War Department objects to compensating the families in excess of the narrowly computed cost of the ground—in which reimbursement, of course, a majority of the ousted do not share. The "dangerous precedent" idea is laughable in view of the costs of preparing for war. It is argued that if the government starts paying for intangibles, there will be no end to the trouble and expense to which the War Department will be subjected. Suppose, runs the unconvincing plea, the army is compelled to buy or lease an office building: why, if the evacuated farmers were paid for losing their homes and crops, then every lawyer, chiropodist, and pants presser in such city properties would have to be compensated for interruptions to his business!

The brass hats stubbornly shut their eyes to the vital difference between a man who rents an office or a shop in a teeming city and a farmer whose crops represent all his family's food and income for a year. Beyond that, there is no earthly comparison between a city dweller's chances to rent a shop or office and the improbability of a cropper being able to find a farm complete, with a market for his produce.

When the land-acquisition program started a year ago, Chester Davis, who was agriculture's representative on the National Defense Advisory Commission, made an ineffectual plea for the farmers. First he tried to persuade the army to build its training camps on waste land, but the War Department refused on the very good grounds that they had to be near railroads and good highways. Then Davis sought to have the evacuated farmers compensated for intangible assets. The War Department said flatly it would pay for land and certain fixed improvements, but nothing else.

Unfortunately, Farm Security Administration has been so overwhelmed with the labor of actual rescue work that it has had no time to assemble figures or case histories. FSA was not directed by the government to care for the American war refugees. It just happened to be in the field doing its authorized work and by no means equipped for this task. Assistant Administrator Walker simply took in the refugees as a householder opens his home and larder to neighbors whose home has been destroyed by fire.

The only statistical appraisal FSA has been able to complete is for six army cantonment areas in Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina. You can take these figures, I am assured, as fairly typical of the whole United States, except in the wealthier agricultural regions of Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa. In these areas, 2,829 *families*—more than 10,000 individuals—were forced to leave their farms. Of these families, 2,671 required help or guidance to find new homes in short order, and 2,270 were in absolute need of money and were granted a total of $112,247—about forty-two dollars a family.

Temporary shelters, the four-room pine shacks, were hurriedly built for the 123 families in worst straits. Only 886 families had the resources of credit to buy new farms with FSA help, and the agency located 727 other families on new farms as tenants or share croppers.

But 935 families had to quit farming. The menfolk have obtained temporary jobs with construction gangs. When the work is finished, these families will be right back on FSA's hands.

Multiply these statistics by twenty-five, and you will have some conception of the whole difficulty.

What is to be done? Why, there is nothing to be done. The army said it needed 5,000,000 acres of land and would pay its own appraised price for it. That's fair enough, isn't it? Or is it? Let's see. I said that the families were "forced" to abandon their farms and homes. That does not mean they were run out at bayonet point. What it amounted to was this:

Here are you, Farmer Hard-

Because Europe fights, thousands are losing their homes . . right here in the U.S.A.!

...in America

Four weeks after the demolition squad's arrival: A camp site in a Southern state, with earth-removal equipment clearing ground.

BY WALTER KARIG

scrabble. You have title to forty acres of Georgia's red soil which is worth twenty dollars an acre, which supports your wife, four children, two hogs, a cow, a team of mules, and a $400 mortgage. You have planted your acres to corn—which is about knee-high when up rides *The United States Government* in a big shiny automobile and says it has to have your farm because it looks like there is going to be a war and a big army camp is to be erected right here.

To you, this is pretty awesome. Your land, says the government, has been appraised at $800. The house and sheds, for which the government has no use but is willing to pay, stand appraised at $300 more. Your mules, your cow or pigs, your furniture, your plow and stake wagon aren't wanted. You can take those with you. What do you say? Will you sell? Of course, you are not under compulsion to accept the offer from the government, and you can hire a lawyer to guide you through condemnation proceedings. . . .

What do you do? Why, naturally, you sell.

You get $800 for your land, and $300 for the buildings, and maybe $150 for your prospective crop—not what you would realize at harvest time in cash, barter, and fodder and meal. You are paid the proportional value of your crop, as of time of sale.

And now, Farmer Hardscrabble, will you please move out by Monday morning? Your money? Oh, that will take a little time, because it has to be sent from Washington. But you will have it by Christmas, surely.

So out you go, with your furniture and bedding and plow and pigs in the wagon, and the cow hitched on behind. Out you go—but *where?* The red-clay road is crowded with similar vehicles driven by your neighbors.

At least you have the promise of $1,250—less your mortgage, less what you owe for pork and meal, seed and fertilizer. And you have your team and other livestock, but you will have to buy feed, rent pasturage.

Anyhow, there are thousands in a like fix. And you are not as badly off as the tenant and share-cropper majority.

"The amazing thing about it all," says Major Walker, "is that most of them, even the poorest and hardest hit, accept the situation with a sort of patriotic philosophy, a sort of pride in making a sacrificial contribution to the national defense. The resistance is put up by the wealthy landowners who have lawyers on their payroll, who do not have to give up their homes because they do not live on the farms, who fight to get the difference between what the government says their land is worth and what they think the government ought to pay."

Sometimes the absentee owners conclude their dickering with the government and don't bother to notify their tenants, whose first intimation is when a tractor-driven bulldozer

(Continued on page 40)

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A day in Port

While there are wars for men to fight, there will be ways of holding a husband

☆ AT three o'clock in the morning the Columbia dropped anchor and Margery woke up. She was so used to the perfect rhythm of the motors after twenty-two days of cruising that she no longer heard them consciously; but the silence was strange and disturbed her. Or perhaps she had heard Philip come into the cabin, though he had been very careful, when he lifted the curtain on the door, to make as little noise as possible.

Margery knew she was gay and laughing, and putting up a successful front.

She sat up in bed with her eyes wide open and remembered, too late, that she had intended not to do that. She had vowed to herself that she would pay no attention, no matter what time he came in. If Philip wanted to stay up on deck all night—if he did—she wasn't going to say a word. She would not be forced into the horrid attitudes of a nagging wife.

"Hello," he said, and Margery heard the echo of excitement in his voice. "Not asleep?"

"I've been asleep for hours. I thought it might be an idea to get some rest if we're going on shore tomorrow. Today, I mean. We've stopped. This

must be Trinidad."

"We're about ten miles out. The Columbia stays here and we go the rest of the way in motorboats."

"I'm crazy to see Trinidad," Margery said. "Let's get started early."

"They thought that half past ten would be soon enough."

"Who thought so? Della Marsh?"

Margery hadn't been going to mention Della's name, but it felt good when she did. It was like something itching in her mind and there was some relief in scratching at it.

"No, it wasn't Della. It was Bob Tonks. He's often been here before and he's got things all mapped out. Do you know who's living here? Colly Vonelm and his wife. The plan is to go to their house for lunch. Bob is sending in a note to them by the first boat, so they'll expect us. He says they have a beautiful place—orchid gardens and everything—and that Vonelm is a great host and always glad to see people."

"Who's he?"

"You've certainly heard of Colly Vonelm."

"Vaguely—I can't remember what. Wasn't it a scandal?"

"Before that, he was a famous football player. One of the few that nobody forgets. Then he was in the World War, got to be an ace, and afterward he stayed in the army. A lot later on he seems to have fallen in love with this woman and there was plenty of trouble. I don't remember the details, but the army wouldn't stand for the gal for some reason, so he retired, and now he's here. Della says she saw them both in Paris a couple of years ago and that the woman still has something."

"Della ought to know," Margery murmured.

Philip didn't answer that. Perhaps he hadn't heard. He looked carefully at himself in the wall mirror and passed his hand over his taffy-colored hair. He seemed to be figuring out how he had looked or would look in some other situation. His wife held her knees together with clasped hands and watched him unadmiringly, thinking of how handsome he was. Especially with his seagoing tan. She herself was very pretty and none the worse for being tousled, but she had no audience and she was conscious of it.

"It seems a stupid way to spend our one day in Trinidad," continued Margery, "with the same little gang of people we've been seeing day after day on the boat."

"They've been pretty nice to us, you know."

"Della certainly has been. To you."

"Yes," said Philip definitely and

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

defiantly, "she has been. So what?"

"Nothing. Except that maybe if I had a different dinner dress to wear every night and ten or twelve bathing suits and shoes that cost thirty dollars a pair, I might be interesting too."

"I hate those cracks," he said. The door of the bathroom swung shut as if the very hinges were irritated.

Philip's voice sounded nervous and excited. He wasn't getting the rest he should, thought Margery, the rest he'd come for and that was the whole reason for the trip. And now there were only a few days more. We were going to lie back in deck chairs and relax, she thought. And instead, when Phil isn't in the pool or at the bar, he's taking dancing lessons with Della Marsh so he can be her partner all evening. Or else he's sitting up with her until morning.

Right from the start things had been difficult. From the first night after they left New York, when Della Marsh had come into the dining room and taken the last vacant place at the purser's table, there had been too much excitement and strain. Della, on that first appearance, had worn the kind of dinner suit that Margery had always wanted and had never been able to afford. It was black and simple, the sort of dress that was exactly right, no matter what other people had on. Della's hair was black as night and it curled all over her head in an old-fashioned way. But her long sharp red fingernails and the area of her lipstick canceled the Victorian look.

Bob Tonks stopped flattering Margery long enough to say with great interest, "Look who's going to be at our table! You know who that is, of course? Della Marsh—Marsh Cereal."

"I know the cereal," said Margery; "we use it all the time. Two packages for a quarter. So that's where my money goes!"

"There's the result," Bob said. "That girl probably owns more cereal than any one else in the world."

"Is she married? How old is she?"

"I think she's about twenty-five. She was married. But it was annulled. She wiped that little incident out completely. It must have cost her something. I've heard," Tonks went on, "that she's a very good business woman. She takes quite a hand in the business herself since old Marsh died."

"Good for her," Margery approved with emphasis and hoped that Phil would like the cereal heiress, since Della had taken the empty chair beside him. The purser had introduced Della to every one and apparently she and Phil had already made a joke.

Philip wanted to enjoy himself. He had left his problems behind for twenty-eight days and was making a complete cut-off. So he declared, and Margery hoped he would. He needed a vacation badly because of all the work he would have to take on when he got home again.

But Margery knew it wasn't just the pressure of work that was making Phil's nerves so ragged. It was the new set-up and the injustice of putting Terence Shipley in as general manager over Phil's head. Philip had been on top of the world a month ago when the decision had been made that his unit of the Ajax plant was to be reconditioned to make airplanes instead of automobiles. It gave Phil his chance to be useful in defense, for the draft wasn't likely to touch a man of thirty-two with a wife and two children dependent on him. So if he could be responsible for getting some bombers

into action, that would be something.

The trouble was that Terence Shipley felt the same way. He, too, wanted to be useful, and he couldn't enlist because he had once had a spot or two on his lungs. There was so much Shipley money in the plant that it settled things.

Philip had said very little when the announcement was made. He couldn't afford to resign, and under the new arrangement he would have a salary raise. But Margery knew how bitter he was.

"All right," he had said to her. "Shipley can run the show. Let him run it. But he doesn't know how to speed up production. He doesn't know enough about the plant or the people in it."

"You can tell him, can't you? You'll be right there."

"Why should I?" said Phil. "It's his job to tell me. I'm doing what I'm told from here on. If they want a hired man, I'll be a hired man. I'd like to chuck the job in their faces—"

She was glad that they had a chance to get away while the plant was being put in shape and Shipley was taking over. When Phil got rested and used to the idea, it might not matter so much.

But he isn't resting, thought Margery now.

☆ PHILIP appeared, a tall white ghost in pajamas, and turned off his light as his head struck the pillow.

"Good night," she said, keeping the letter of the law.

The water was slapping against the boat, which felt loose instead of anchored. Margery could hear things rolling about, heavy articles thumping.

Phil spoke through the dark:

"They're unloading. They certainly don't waste any time."

"Maybe it's war materials. Trinidad's a base now."

"Oh, forget the war," said Phil.

That's what Della says, thought Margery. That's what all that crowd keeps saying—forget the war. What good does it do to think about it? We'll get back to it soon enough. Why talk about it? That was their patter, and Phil joined in it now. But Margery didn't believe he was forgetting it.

He was speaking again, restlessly, getting it off his mind:

"I just want to say, Margie, that this trip has cost a lot of money and the thing to do is to have a little fun out of it."

"I don't mind your having fun," said Margery. "I want you to have fun!"

"Then why crab everything?"

"I don't crab—I've let you and Della alone pretty well. But it's such a waste of time. She's not a person we'll ever see again. She's not likely to come to Michigan, and we certainly won't move in her circles in New York. Not on our income. That's why it seems so foolish—"

He interrupted in a cool voice:

"Has it ever occurred to you that I may not be such a fool as you think? And that Della isn't? As a matter of fact, we've been talking business a good deal of the time—during the time that you object to my wasting."

"Whose business—yours or the cereal?"

"The cereal, and it's quite possible that it might be my business. The Marsh concern is going to expand and probably reorganize. Della thinks I might be able to get in on it."

Margery sat bolt upright in the dark.

"But you've got a job at home!"

"Such as it is," said Phil, in bitterness again. "I've got a hired man's job. They seem to think they can get along all right without me. Maybe it would be smart to let them try it."

"They don't think that—and anyway it's the thing you're trained for. Cereal! That isn't your line."

"My line is to produce," said Phil; "to step up production, and some people seem to feel I might be good at it. Do you know what the salary of the last production manager of the Marsh outfit was? Thirty-five thousand dollars. And he didn't deliver, Della says. Is thirty-five thousand dollars a joke? You could have a lot of fun with that joke. You could laugh your head off."

"Thirty-five thousand dollars!" repeated Margery, and the words carried on in her mind, taking the shapes of things and possibilities: lovely clothes—long, graceful, alluring dresses, gay, expensive, provocative ones; and on that amount of money there could be a nurse for the children, a nurse that talked French like that one with the gray bonnet on deck; and a very smart car—two cars, one for each of them; and they could pay off the mortgage on the house. But why? They wouldn't be living there. They'd be in New York.

"But no one would give you a job like that out of hand, Phil."

"You have a lot of faith in me, haven't you?" he questioned.

"It's not a question of faith. It doesn't make sense."

"Wait and see," said Phil. "You might be surprised. I'm going to go to sleep."

Margery started to say something else and bit it off in silence. He had turned over on his side and he did need sleep. Her own mind flew about.

☆ DELLA MARSH must like Phil very much. Did she really think her corporation needed him, or couldn't she bear to let him go out of her sight? But if I had all that money to spend, I could show her a thing or two, thought Margery. If I only had the clothes and the setting—

The rumbling of unloading went on. Margery lay still, thinking that this was tomorrow, the day they were to spend in Trinidad. It had been marked on their itinerary weeks ago—*Day in Trinidad.*

I wanted to buy presents for the family, she thought. I wanted us to go off by ourselves in the tropics—and now I'll have to trail along after Della and she will look wonderful.

When she woke again it was to music. There was a tune going on somewhere and it was nine o'clock. She got up cautiously. Phil didn't stir while she bathed and dressed. She put on the blue linen dress that had seemed so smart for shore trips when she had packed it. It was still good enough, but every one on the boat had seen it so often that Margery felt too easily recognizable to be interesting. She rolled a blue net turban around her head, and her oval browned face, with eyes as blue as the dye in the turban, should have pleased her and did not.

Through the porthole she could see the masts of boats and the green island beyond. It was long and hilly and she could see a battle cruiser. If Phil were only awake—but he had better sleep. She lifted the curtain as softly as he had when he came in last night and went down the clean rubber-floored corridor and up on deck.

☆ SHE felt all by herself, quite conspicuously alone. It was a new feeling and she wasn't used to it. For the first two weeks of this trip Phil and she had always gone up to meals together, but lately they had been coming and going in a kind of cold freedom. It was a different way to live, a new kind of marriage. Margery missed having Phil wait around for her, missed his keeping her waiting—not that he ever admitted he did—missed the impatient, friendly question that usually came as they started off: "All set, Margery?"

Leaning over the rail, she saw the source of the curious tune she had heard. In an ordinary rowboat with a flat bottom two black youths with white paint streaked on their faces were singing strenuous little ballads, all in the same tune. Some one came up beside Margery and flung several coins down to them and the black hands reached and grabbed and scrambled in the air and on the bottom of the boat. Margery was so absorbed in watching that she didn't turn to see who had thrown down the money. Then she heard Della's voice:

"Fun to see them fight for it, isn't it? May the best man win! How are you this morning? Where's your husband?"

Della was wearing white. Every black curl on her head looked provocative, and she carried a foolish oversmall white parasol and a huge white leather pouch. But instead of admiring Della, Margery only thought of herself dressed like that, very expensively, decorating herself with fashionable whims.

"Phil's still asleep," she said. "What do you do about sleep?"

"I save it for my old age," answered Della. "We're going over to the island on the ten-thirty launch. All the tourists will probably go on the earlier ones, so we should have the boat pretty much to ourselves."

Margery thought rebelliously that it would have been fun to go with the tourists. She was tired of Bob

Tonks, and he would be her share of "ourselves."

"This party today ought to be amusing," said Della. "Have you ever seen Linda Vonelm?"

"I never even heard of her," answered Margery.

"Oh, you must have! Even before her famous affair with Colly she was always up to something. She's emotional history. I think Colly Vonelm's wife put up the only resistance old Linda ever had. So I've heard."

"He had another wife before this one?"

"Of course. That was the point. Don't you remember—his wife was the daughter of the general or of the regiment or something and the whole army backed her in her fight for Colly."

"How old is Linda Vonelm now?"

"Getting on for fifty, I should think. Pretty much of a wreck, but you do have to hand it to her. She got what she wanted!"

"Also what somebody else wanted."

Della laughed, the way she had laughed as she watched the brown boys in the boat fighting. "Well, maybe I'm wrong," she said in a confident tone which sounded as though she couldn't possibly be mistaken about anything, "but it seems to me that the best person usually wins."

☆ "A LOT of people go ahead on that theory," said Margery. So could I, she said to herself. And I'd like to show this pirate that she would be the one to lose.

"By the way," asked Della directly, "did Phil tell you what we were talking about?"

"Which time?"

"About his business. About his making a change."

"Yes, he told me."

"I do hope you won't discourage it," said Della, as though willing to cooperate, "because I'm positive it could be worked. And it's a shame for a man like Phil to be in a spot where he hates what he's doing. He hates the whole set-up. He told me all about it. A man just can't do good work if he's working under a person whom he doesn't respect."

"He respects Terry. We all do. That isn't it. Anyway, Phil wouldn't let the job down, no matter what."

"He could step out and get something else. Good men in production are terribly scarce, and this is his chance, I should think."

Margery said, "Well, it's up to him. If he feels this new thing is worth his while and is what he wants, I shan't stand in the way."

She said it cheerfully and had a satisfied sense of having puzzled Della. It was a very agreeable feeling that made her breakfast taste better than it had for days.

Philip was up on deck when she went out again. He was having a good deal of fun with Della's parasol. My clothes aren't amusing, thought Margery. I can't go in for high style. But let Phil wait and see what I can do with plenty of money. She had a sense of subtlety and withheld power and revenge as she stood wasting time with Bob Tonks, trying practice shots of flirtation on him.

Then she heard Philip's voice, charged with energy, impatient to do something.

"Well, what are we waiting for? All set, Della?"

Margery's mind went a little sick. She was so used to the question. But this time Philip had turned quite naturally to Della, as if she were his companion, the only one he was waiting for. Margery hardly heard what Bob was saying, but she went along with the rest, took her place in the launch, and she knew she was gay and laughing, and putting up a successful front, for once Phil called over from his side of the boat—and Della's: "What's so funny, you two?"

There were many things about the harbor that Margery had meant to find out. This morning she had wanted to know about where the foreign boats came from, and she had intended to ask where the asphalt lake was and the new fortified air base. But she didn't get to those questions, for Bob talked about the Vonelms all the way to the island.

". . . So that was the way it was, Margery. The Vonelms lived on the Riviera and people waited for them to bust up, and then they came here and settled down and apparently are happy as clams."

A big American-made car was waiting for them. Margery had only a quick tempting glimpse of the tropics as they drove along, for every one

was lighting cigarettes and admiring the car. There were houses fronted with flaking pink and green stucco, gay in shabbiness. There were Hindus in the streets and old black women carrying baskets, and when Bob told her that it wasn't far to the Vonelm place, Margery wished that it were farther.

The car turned in through stone gateposts.

"This is it," said Bob, and added, too low for the chauffeur's hearing, "It's her money, of course."

They drove up a long white-graveled avenue through groves of oranges and grapefruit trees and came upon a lawn bright with borders of bougainvillaea and strange vines and shrubs that all seemed to be in blossom. The house, she saw, was white and long and the blinds were coral-colored. She couldn't look around very much, for they were being welcomed. This was Colly Vonelm, of course, this tall rugged man in a white silk suit. No—he wasn't as rugged as he had looked at first. There were lazy pouches under the eyes and the brown hand that held her own felt fleshy.

"You're awfully good to come," he told them all, and there was something truly grateful in his tone. His eyes turned to Margery, singling her out, and he asked, "Is this Miss America for 1941? Come in. My wife's expecting you. She won't risk the sun at this time of day."

☆ THE drawing room was shadowy but not gloomy. It was a gracious room, but the thing that immediately claimed and held the glance was the portrait of a woman that took complete possession of the wall fronting the door by which they entered. It was the painting of a beautiful woman just completing her youth, bare-armed, bare-bosomed. Flawless as her beauty was, it gave the impression of being a true likeness. Even on canvas the vitality of the subject was proved and the flesh looked almost warm where the soft peach-colored evening dress fell away from it. She looked like a woman who knew that she had a right to be admired and that she was loved.

That was how Margery saw Linda Vonelm first, and then, as a woman came toward her, she realized how cruelly true the picture probably was to the past and how it almost satirized the present. Linda Vonelm wore a pink sports dress, as if she could not give up her favorite color, and her hair was unnaturally bright, even in the shaded room. She walked as if to give the effect of grace and buoyancy but curves and flesh made it caricature.

"You are so good to come to us," she said. But her husband's words had rung truer. Mrs. Vonelm was very cordial to the men, but along with her greeting of the two young women there was an almost challenging inspection of their beauty and charm. She rode it down with her own manner. She was and must be the most beautiful and important woman in her room.

"You probably don't remember, but we met at Deauville two years ago, Mrs. Vonelm," said Della. "It was at a party Nick Shepard gave."

"Poor Nick! He always gives the most superb parties for me whenever I cross his path," answered Linda. "Yes, I think I remember. Weren't you there for the tennis?"

"More or less. It was a good show that year." Della turned to Colly Vonelm and asked, "You were playing, weren't you?"

(*Continued on page 44*)

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

News makes th

☆ HAVE you ever heard a pack in full cry?

One bright spring noon the waiters moved whisperingly from table to table at a luncheon in the Rainbow Room of Rockefeller Center. They need not have whispered. They might have shouted, and no one would have heard.

The oracles of radio were assembled at a luncheon for commentators; and when a score or so of deep-voiced men whose profession tends to make them highly vocal practice being vocal together, the effect is thunderous.

They were a curiously diverse group. They had and have only one common denominator: they all owe their fame and fortune to a little contraption of steel and wire we know as the microphone.

Most of them are widely traveled and some of them are scholarly. A few of them are brilliant, and all of them are frighteningly well informed. Yet there is only one who was well known to the general public before going on the air. Radio's magic wand transported the rest to fame.

Cinderella men.

In the best rags-to-Rolls-Royce tradition, they did it the hard way. Elmer Davis, in his pre-Oxford period, got the fat sum of a dollar a week as printer's devil on the Aurora (Indiana) Bulletin, and Kaltenborn sold his precocious talents to a Wisconsin paper, the Merrill Advocate, for five dollars on Saturday night. Lowell Thomas began his typewriter thumping in Cripple Creek, Colorado; Raymond Gram Swing started at nineteen as a reporter on the Cleveland Press; and Wythe Williams grew up with the smell of printer's ink in his nostrils.

Now they're doing fabulously better. But the climb wasn't easy. For most of them there were comparatively fat days in which they covered a segment of the world as foreign correspondents, and somewhat more stringent periods of free-lancing.

If they're grandly, luxuriously on top, it meant twenty or more years of grinding work. Nor has the strain relaxed much now that they are squirming on the edge of their chairs before the microphone. A radio dead line is as imperious as a newspaper's and, what's worse, each man has to do much of his own leg work. He has to chase his stories, write his script, time it to a split second, and then read it with those careless inflections that convince the public he isn't reading at all. When other men are taking their ease in carpet slippers, he is sweating over last-minute revisions.

Topping the list in popularity, so the radio surveys show, is the orchidaceous Mr. Winchell. The thin-faced incisive man in the snap-brim hat is the exception to the rule that fame came to the commentators only through the microphone. Before he ever barked his first "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America," Winchell was a celebrity. Furthermore, he was a solvent one. A career that began on the old Graphic raced into a success so vivid and swift that it left his detractors gasping on the side lines. The syndicated Winchell column set a brand-new fashion in modern American journalism. It had vitality and verve and a sprinkling of venom and Winchell pyramided these ingredients into six figures a year before he thought of taking to the air waves.

In recent years it has become fashionable for the intellectuals to decry Winchell. They don't like his sally into international affairs and they resent his not inconsiderable personal esteem. Yet the fast-talking columnist, with his explosions of homemade vocabulary, is a great reporter, something of a stylist, and a startlingly good analyst of the drift of international currents. He is inclined to be a little naïve about the extent of his influence on the affairs of men and nations, but he's about the best reporter an American newspaper has seen since the turn of the century.

That little fifteen-minute chore on the radio Sunday night? Well, that's worth just $5,000 a week to the Winchell exchequer. Considering the fact that he talks for about eleven minutes and thirty seconds, it's pretty fair pay—in fact, $448 a minute. But there's a little more to it than that.

He starts preparing the program several days before he goes on the air. Stories from his own sources, editorials, and general comment begin to ferment in the Winchell brain before the week-end. On Sunday night he adds last-minute items and drops less urgent ones as the clock crawls toward nine.

H. V. Kaltenborn, the former associate editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, is the veteran of the lot, an apple-cheeked veteran with a taste for youthful color ensembles. For about twenty years, the tall broad-shouldered man with the staccato voice has been working as a radio news analyst. That's long enough to give most men a sense of ease and routine in their jobs. Not Kaltenborn of the clipped speech. He works as intensely at his job as if it were brand-new. The work is highly systematized but it is still feverish.

In a quiet study in his old-fashioned Brooklyn home, he proudly shows visitors the battery of filing cabinets where his material is neatly cross-indexed. A dive into the cabinets will bring up pertinent information about the tribal habits of the Ubangis, the text of the Nine-Power Treaty, or Mrs. Roosevelt's Sunday-night recipes. It's a comfortable room, this study of Kaltenborn's, but a man who is working for more than a thousand dollars a week hasn't much time to enjoy comfort. Not even if his wife is a beautiful former German baroness and his son, Rolf, the ill-concealed apple of his eye.

In the winter Kaltenborn works all day and lectures at night. That's invigorating, he says, at the age of sixty-three. In the summer he lives at his home in Stony Brook, Long Island, and commutes to the studio, but the day starts long before he arrives at the broadcasting station.

In fact, it starts at seven thirty in the morning, when he listens, shaving brush in hand, to an early-morning news period. Running down to the beach, he carries a portable radio so as not to miss another news period he likes. While he is paddling around in Long Island Sound, the newscaster's voice comes to him over the water.

But, for good measure, during a sun bath he catches the European round-up, and at eight fifteen another news period. The rest of the day is of the same pattern.

Not until six thirty or seven does he begin his script. Bulletins are pasted over material he has discarded, marginal notes crawl down the yellow bulletins, and the completed job is intelligible only to the eyes of H. V. Kaltenborn. That's all right, too, because he may decide to throw a large part of it overboard and ad lib.

Radio has made Kaltenborn a neat fortune, much of which is prudently salted away. It has also brought him excitement, such excitement as crouching in a Spanish field and hugging a microphone to his chest as he described, to the accompaniment of gunfire, a Rebel attack on the Loyalist city of Irún. This must have been one of the most wonderful sights of the civil war—a sleekly tailored gentleman of bankerish appearance wearing neat eyeglasses as he stood in a cornfield, Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from his watch chain, stiff hat set squarely on broad pink forehead, barking his crisp prose into the microphone.

Beside Kaltenborn, Raymond Gram Swing is a male frump. His clothes hang on him with loose disdain. His hair continually tumbles into his eyes. His gait is a mild lope. Naturally every one of these physical appearances is at variance with the temperament of one of the most precise and

fastidious men in public life. Swing's mind, emotions, and voice seem to hang on a carefully balanced pendulum never bearing a fraction of an inch from its beat. Monotonous but exact. He is a concentrate of discipline, and if his voice sounds a little as though he were lecturing a college class, it is because Swing himself has never moved from the exact course of an incurably scholastic mind.

Through several years when he worked on a sustaining program, Swing attracted little attention. The dry precision of his manner was hard fare for the radio audience to take, and he was urged to color his material and manner. To any one who knew Swing, the suggestion was wasted breath. He would no more deviate from his two-and-two-make-four manner than the sun would take a day off and see what the boys in the back universe were having.

Unlike Kaltenborn, Swing does not ad lib. Every sentence is painstakingly composed and rehearsed. The afternoon is spent in gathering material for the broadcast and the evening in piecing it together. When his script is finished in rough draft, he begins polishing it, reading it under his breath for cadence and emphasis, making hen tracks in the margins and between lines until it takes on final gloss and form.

For this work the former foreign correspondent receives a weekly salary which never falls below four figures. The latest estimates have put his sponsored income at $2,000 a week.

Swing and his family live a life so private that it is almost secluded. Rarely are they seen in public except at large meetings. Swing is a violinist and composer, and the favorite family dissipation is an evening around the piano.

Given a man who habitually wears gray suits, a little black bow tie, and an indefinite-looking gray hat, and you wouldn't expect him to cross you up by swinging a Continental walking stick, would you? But Elmer Davis does. The answer is that Davis is one of the veterans of New York journalism, and every self-respecting reporter a few years back carried a cane. Now only Davis and Edwin C. Hill cling to the tradition.

Hill, who is on the same network, clings to a little more. His clothes are as many-hued as the rainbow and in winter are topped off with a fur coat that would do justice to a Shakespearean tragedian. He is more magnificent than Davis, and Davis says sadly that Hill has won the network sweepstakes for male beauty.

About that there might be some quarrel. Davis' face looks like Paul V. McNutt's carved on a rock. A series of contradictions, this Hoosier. Born in Indiana, as American as corn bread, speaking with a flat and twangy Midwestern accent, Davis was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, spent many years of his life abroad, and developed some heartily classical literary tastes. His favorite poets are Horace and Catullus in the original.

Davis is no prima donna. In fact, he's as plain as a pair of congress gaiters and just as comfortable. He says wryly that making $500 a night isn't anything to get excited about, that he could always make that much writing a short story—if he could sell it. And he isn't much impressed with himself. Says he's a fluke.

Davis' principal pleasure is sneaking into his broadcasts a barbed comment so skillfully fashioned that no one can criticize it. Thus, when Dr. Goebbels said that American policies were aimed at plowing under American boys, Davis commented, "Dr.

(Continued on page 46)

sCommentator

A behind-the-scenes look at the Cinderella-men of the airwaves

BY GEORGE HAMILTON COMBS, JR.

Sleekly tailored, Kaltenborn stood in a cornfield in Spain, barking his crisp prose into the microphone.

Blackstone Studios photo

George Hamilton Combs, Jr., who, in his daily news broadcasts, airs his sincere, liberal views in a prophetic voice of tremendous volume which literally shakes the microphone, is a practicing lawyer in New York City. Eminently qualified to comment upon the news, he was the youngest member of the Seventieth Congress from 1927 to 1929, when he represented the Fifth Missouri District. He has also been, among other things, the special District Attorney General in the Bank of United States investigation; counsel for the Triborough Bridge Authority; associate counsel for the New York State Legislative Committee for the investigation of public utilities.—*Johannes Steel.*

ILLUSTRATOR
EDWIN HENRY

By

ACHMED ABDULLAH

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

To avenge the brutal deaths of her father and mother in China, Li Su-Chang, beautiful hat-check girl at the Golden Peiping Cabaret, on Sixth Avenue in New York City, plans to kill Nag Yat, a renegade Chinese who poses as a Korean business man. On the night she is to carry out her plan—having invited Nag Yat, who is in love with her, to come to her flat—Harland Simpson, H.L.7 of the United States intelligence service, arrives and convinces her that she can do more good both to America and China by helping him trap Nag Yat who he suspects is head of a conspiracy against the United States.

When Nag Yat rings the bell, Simpson, a master of disguise, pretends to be a drunken derelict assaulting Li Su-Chang and is arrested and taken to the night court. There, still feigning drunkenness, he blames his poverty on democracy and speaks enthusiastically about totalitarianism.

Nag Yat, believing he can use this man—as Simpson intended he should—pays his fine and offers him a job, telling him to report next morning at the little house that is next door to the Golden Peiping Cabaret.

Later that night, Simpson calls on Li Su-Chang to confront her with the most tragic choice that a woman can be offered.

PART THREE—"AN END TO HARLAND SIMPSON"

☆ "NO!" said Li Su-Chang. "No, no! I won't do it—no matter what you threaten. . . ."

"I'm not threatening. Get that through your head. I'm merely stating facts—and so . . ."

"I don't care, Mr. Simpson. I won't do it. I"— and the trite words were

Almost then and there she killed Nag Yat. Her fingers touched the dagger.

Blood of the Dragon

"Find the woman!" But what if a detective finds her in his heart?

tragic, were truthful—"I'd rather die first!"

For all the challenge and defiance of their words, they spoke in whispers. White man and yellow woman, the strong and the beautiful, they crouched in a corner of her bedroom—a corner massed with a great blob of darkness—cowering back from the vast spill of moonlight pouring through the balcony windows. That balcony had been Simpson's way of coming to her; up the iron post, because the staircase ran by open windows where other tenants slept.

They spoke of clamorous issues in whispers. They fought, and thought they hated each other, in whispers. And all the while Captain Simpson, late of Shanghai and now of H.L.7—the intelligence office—and the little Chinese girl who had taken a blood oath on the altar of her cheap little Mott Street Buddha—both of them knew they did not hate each other at all; in fact, in the dark hushed intimacy of these bedroom whispers Simpson felt a strange thing, a catch in his voice, a fierce jolt to his heart—

Be still, you crazy heart! This is a government case, so keep your mind on your work. And, furthermore, she is a yellow girl and you are a white man. Never, never, never forget that!

Therefore—let the heart remain inarticulate; let only the brain speak—and question.

That's what he did. He questioned her; tried to question her—and she shook her head.

"I've nothing to say to you," she protested. "This matter is between Nag Yat and me."

"Whom you wanted to kill."

"Whom I *still* want to kill. And now you tell me about some plot . . ."

"Plot indeed," he interrupted her. For, by a word dropped here and a guess made there, he had come to a certain conclusion. "A terrible plot. . . . Dope."

Yes—dope—that was the grim mystery behind the flickering neon lights, the gaudy floor show, and savory sauces of the Golden Peiping Cabaret. That was the threat. A threat that came like a thief in the night on silent unclean feet.

It was not, thought Simpson, the selling of dope furtively, in small quantities, to people who were already addicts. It was bigger than that and incredibly more dangerous. Directed by fanatical master minds in Europe and Asia, its object was no less than to poison almost a whole generation of young Americans: to turn them into addicts without their knowledge and before they realized what was happening to them; to sap their physical and spiritual stamina, destroy their plain everyday ideals, and make them an easy prey for the coming of The Day.

It had been done, was still being done, in China. There, in the Japanese-occupied provinces, opium was being distributed free of charge. Here, in America, it would be different. Perhaps, he wondered, grisly marijuana, so easily grown and obtained. Or maybe something new—and infinitely more horrible.

At all events, reflected Simpson, the effects would be the same: a gigantic sacrifice, a holocaust, on the altar of the Moloch of totalitarianism.

And the methods employed?

They would be—ironically and typically, he felt sure—those of modern business. Big, involved business that—H.L.7 investigations had discovered—reached from New York to Peiping, from Peiping to Yucatan, from Yucatan to Shanghai, from Shanghai to Vladivostok, from Vladivostok to Yokohama, and from Yoko-

hama all the way back to New York.

An enormous spider's web—and here, on Sixth Avenue, Nag Yat, if he were really the boss, squatting at its core, weaving the slimy strands. . . .

To find out how the strands were woven and twisted—not to guess, but to bring complete proof—that, as the chief in Washington had pointed out, was Simpson's job. Destroying the spider's web was up to him and—Simpson smiled in the dark—to a pretty little Chinese girl. . . .

He went on:

"Time that I knew the rest of your story. I guessed, of course, that Nag Yat is Lao Lum, the man who murdered your father. But how did you find out? And," rather sharply, "how much do you know of his intrigues?"

"I—I have tried to find out nothing about them."

"Then how much do you know?"

☆ HER confirmation of Nag Yat's true identity, she began, was due to a jade ring which she noticed on his finger. That was about the fourth time he had come to the Golden Peiping Cabaret.

She had helped him on with his overcoat. He had given her a generous tip. She saw a flash of vivid green; and—without any ulterior motive, simply to make conversation, since he was a good customer—she remarked:

"What a lovely ring!"

"You like it?" He chuckled reminiscently. "It has brought me luck—ever since I had it. But no luck to the one who had it before me."

It was fairly ordinary jade; not very precious. But all at once she drew in her breath; felt a chill, bleak terror invading her soul.

For the ring was carved in the likeness of two tiny Pekingese spaniels balancing between their front paws an oblong emerald splinter. And swiftly memories came to her.

Bitter-sweet memories of her childhood. Of her father holding her on his knees; showing her the ring; causing it to twinkle in the sunlight that lay over the garden.

And now here was this ring—on Nag Yat's finger. . . .

☆ IT was, of course, no proof that Nag Yat was the murderer. After all, the bandits had looted her parents' home, and the jewel could have found its way into one of a dozen Shanghai pawnshops where Nag Yat might have bought it.

Still, somehow, deep within her, Li Su-Chang was sure that Nag Yat and Lao Lum were one and the same. And so, the following evening, when he returned to the cabaret, she decided on a bold stroke.

They were alone in the lobby. She took his hat and coat. Then she bowed deeply and gave ceremonious greetings:

"Ten thousand years, O Lao Lum! Ten thousand times ten thousand years, O illustrious war lord!"

The man was startled. But immediately he pulled himself together.

"You are mistaken, Plum Blossom," he replied. "I am Nag Yat, a peaceful merchant dealing in tea and silks. Not a man of strife, dealing in death."

Again she bowed.

"I *know* who you are, O great dragon!"

"I assure you . . ."

"No, no! I saw you, years ago, in Shanghai. You were pointed out to me—ah—the famous feared black-turban chief. I admired you so, my lord!"

"I wish," he said, "I had a right to the distinction—and your admiration. But—alas!—I am not one of the great ones of the earth. I am little and insignificant me."

Yet it was evident that his vanity was flattered; that his interest in Li Su-Chang was aroused.

On several occasions thereafter he took her out to supper when she had finished her work. And presently—for she *was* of exquisite porcelain beauty—presently he began making love to her.

☆ HARLAND SIMPSON was amused as he listened to Li Su-Chang. Oh, yes—he had had the right notion when he had told the chief in Washington that he would have to look for the woman in the case. He had found her. And she was—it seemed—a woman who might know how to play the game against Nag Yat in the weeks to come with consummate skill.

For the more ardent Nag Yat grew, promising her the moon and the stars if she would be his, the more she held off. Haltingly, with downcast eyes, she confessed that she liked him a great deal. But love . . .

Why, he called himself a wealthy Korean business man, didn't he? And she—and there, grimly relishing her own irony, she spoke the truth—though only a hat-check girl in the land of the red-haired barbarians, was descended, on her mother's side, from a Manchu captain-general of the Seventh Banner Corps, an *aisin cioro*, an imperial clansman, whose blood was the blood of the dragon. So what did she care for Nag Yat's riches!

Pah! she despised riches. Fame—that's what appealed to her! The grand glittering fame which surrounded a great Chinese war lord. . . .

Thus, like many a woman before and since, she worked on the man's passion and vanity, one feeding and stimulating the other, until finally one night—or, rather, early one morning, and, so queerly, the prosy setting for the terribly bloody confession was a Childs restaurant—Nag Yat admitted who he was. Right. He was Lao Lum, the former black-turban chief, who had wreaked his will, like a brutal crimson scrawl, across half of China. And the girl shuddered, then controlled her emotions with an effort as he spoke of the past, the stark inhuman deeds of the past, even mentioning her father.

"A great mandarin—and a most stubborn man. Too, a most foolish man. For he came between the bear and its fodder. Came between my will and my strength." Nag Yat laughed. "The bear's claws reached out. I had him tortured, and his song of pain was pleasant in my ears."

He took off the jade ring and tossed it to her.

"This jewel belonged to him. I give it to you, little Plum Blossom."

☆ AN agony of grief and hate was twisting itself then about Li Su-Chang's heart. She stared at Nag Yat—and thought of her oath to her dying mother. Thought of her quest.

Here was the end of this quest.

Almost right then and there she killed Nag Yat. She opened her pocketbook. Her fingers touched the dagger—the same weapon which her mother had plunged into her breast—and grasp the hilt.

"But," she told Simpson, "I didn't. I decided to wait."

She waited, Simpson knew, so she could enjoy her revenge in anticipation, squeeze each moment of patient waiting dry to the last drop.

She made herself smile at Nag Yat.

"*Ai!*" she whispered. "You are indeed a wonderful man!"

That's what she said—and once more Simpson was amused as she described the scene.

He was—Nag Yat confided to Li Su-Chang—no longer a mere provincial war lord. Nor was he a wealthy merchant, dealing in tea and silks. But today he was high in the councils of the great who, through a most amazing international partnership which had ramifications in many lands, aimed ultimately at a different and better world.

So he boasted, and, because it did not matter to her, Li Su-Chang did not pay much attention.

She had read a lot these last few months about fifth columnists, about Nazi and Fascist and Communist propaganda and intrigues. And—there she resembled all too much the average American—the subject bored her. She yawned, and Nag Yat frowned.

Not impressed—eh?

By the Buddha, he *would* impress her; would show her how great he was!

He lowered his voice. He was, he told her, one of the chosen in this partnership because he was crafty and ruthless. A vital phase of the American work—a phase that would ruin this country—had been entrusted to him.

Hai-yai-yai, he belonged to the inner circle. He knew the secret password. . . .

"Only twelve men," he whispered, "know this password."

"Twelve men—" she said. "*Ai!* One will betray you! Ask any Christian who knows his Bible. Better make it thirteen. Add one woman!"

"One woman?" he echoed, astonished. "Who?"

"Me," her fingers played with his. He shook his head.

"I cannot tell you, silly, silly Plum Blossom."

"Oh, you must! You will!"

"I have given oath."

She withdrew her fingers.

"And you—you told me you loved me. . . ."

"I do."

"No, no, no! You don't love me. Else you would trust me. . . ."

Her accents rose in well simulated anger, and people at adjacent tables began to take notice.

"I cannot tell you," Nag Yat said to Li Su-Chang. "It's out of the question. Besides"—suspiciously, narrowing his eyes—"why do you want to know?"

She did not reply.

Why, she wondered, *did* she want to know?

Possession of the secret password could not further her revenge. She had no intention of using it as a weapon against Nag Yat. The only weapon she would employ was the dagger which had killed her mother.

☆ "NO," she said now to Simpson, "I don't know why I wanted to find out."

The detective smiled. He made a shrewd guess.

There were, he considered, two reasons why she wished to learn the password. One was to prove to her own slightly perverse satisfaction what power she had over this man whom she hated so. The second, and minor, reason was that, after all, she was a young girl; she was romantic; and thus—the keen thrill of sharing a secret known to few . . .

"He told you finally, didn't he?" he asked.

"No. But I . . ."

"You don't have to draw a chart. Methods haven't changed since the intermezzo in the Garden of Eden. Adam, I guess, was the first sucker. You could get it if you wanted to."

She laughed. "You know too much," she said.

"Because I've been bitten too often."

"I doubt it."

She went on to relate that she did not know what, finally, caused Nag Yat to fall so completely and desperately in love with her. Perhaps, she judged, with a psychological insight that amazed Simpson, because he was a man who was unable to stand frustration in anything, any desire, great or small; who considered such frustration a personal affront.

Anyway, one evening he told her he would disclose the secret sign and countersign, adding that, by telling her, he would be putting his life between her narrow hands. But then—he said—he loved her. And she—did she love him? Would she be his very own? If so—

Again, as on that other night, she opened her pocketbook. Her fingers ran down the blade of the dagger.

Should she use it now?

No! Not yet.

And so she replied to Nag Yat, in her stilted Chinese way, that love was a tender bud that must be allowed to open of its own volition, if one desired its full sweetness and perfume. But, she admitted, she admired him, the great war lord who had become a greater conspirator. She was honored by his confidence. And so—surely—soon . . .

Her eyes promised—and he muttered raucously, "Let it be *very* soon!"

"*Very* soon!" she echoed.

She knew the exact date. The twenty-seventh of May. The day on which, two years ago, her father had been murdered and her mother driven to suicide.

It was an anniversary marked in crimson. And she would wait for it. Would keep on rousing his passion until, on the night of the twenty-

BY REAMER KELLER

"She says his auto smells better!"

seventh, the very night when he expected her surrender, she would kill him; would offer his life's blood as a sacrifice on the altar of the Buddha of the Paradise of the West—and in the Paradise of the West her parents' souls would rejoice as they beheld Nag Yat's soul, shriveled and black and stinking, screaming its agony and hopeless remorse, pursued by all the horrors of the deep hell Aviki.

☆ THUS the weeks had rolled on, with Li Su-Chang waiting for the twenty-seventh of May, nourishing her cold, slow, terrible hate, and Nag Yat falling ever more under the spell of his passion. And then, at last, had come the day—and it so happened that Lincoln Wong, the Pell Street-born Chinese waiter at the cabaret who was one of Simpson's investigators, should pass through the lobby and overhear—when she had whispered to Nag Yat:

"Tomorrow evening. At my place."

A rendezvous, it had been, for the previous night. A rendezvous, where Nag Yat was concerned, with death.

"And death it would have been," Li Su-Chang said to Simpson, "if you hadn't interfered."

"Aren't you glad I did?"

"I'm not."

He looked at her, at the delicate arches of her brows; her mouth as pure as water from a well; her softly rounded cheeks with a sweet flush to them, the flush of roses. And yet—the hardness of her. The hardness of her hate. And the keen intelligence in back of it. . . .

He would use both her hate and her intelligence. And, too, her romanticism.

☆ "WE'RE allies," he said. "Remember?" He added: "Know what we're allies *in*—what my job is?"

"I suppose you've something to do with the government."

"Right you are. Ever hear of H.L.7?"

"No. Is it important?"

"Very." He paused. He thought: I shouldn't preen myself, But I do; and went on: "I *am* H.L.7."

There was a gleam in her eyes, and he smiled.

Oh, yes, he reflected, she was young. She was romantic.

And so, because it was so very dark and so very late and they were so very close—and because it was so hard to bring himself to put that tragic choice before her—he began telling her tales of the service, artfully chosen happenings that were thrilling and picaresque.

Li Su-Chang was spellbound.

The motley tales, their keen zest and surge, their vivid rainbow color, their welter of plot and counterplot! The full rich life this man had lived! And oh!—was her young imagining—he was offering to make her part of that life! . . .

Then abruptly she checked her excitement.

"And yet," she said, "there is my revenge—the thing I must do."

"You'll get your revenge all right—in the end. But not necessarily by killing. There are other ways, more decent and—a commonplace word, isn't it?—more patriotic."

"Oh"—impatiently—"patriotic!"

"What's wrong with that? Was not your father a patriot? Isn't that why he died? Listen!" he went on rapidly. "The death of Nag Yat means nothing. To kill him would be a mere gesture—a fool's gesture."

She flared up. "A—a fool's?" she demanded indignantly.

"You bet! For any fool can take a knife and stab—or a gun and shoot. But to frustrate your enemy in his greatest ambition, in what is closest to his heart—to smash him and those he serves—and," in rising accents, "by doing so to help America and China and all the countries that have kept a spark of the decency of freedom . . ." He spoke with forceful, sweeping eloquence. For he loved freedom with a great passion.

He leaned forward.

"You are Chinese and I'm American, and there are the British, the Norwegians, the Hollanders, the South Americans and what-have-you. All different. Not always seeing eye to eye. At times bickering, quarreling, swapping insults. And so there

are moments when," with a wink, "I might call you a squint-eyed little Chink and you me a red-haired barbarian; when I feel like kicking my British cousins because of their blasted limey superiority, and they feel like returning the compliment because of my blasted Yankee cockiness. All right. A little mutual dislike is good for the liver. But when it comes to a showdown, we're one against the common enemy, the enemy of freedom. And freedom, these days, is in a bad way. It needs all the help it can get. It needs—*you.*"

"But—no!"

"No? How can you refuse—"

"I want to kill Nag Yat. That is all I care about."

There was an indecision in her voice that he did not overlook. She talked as one who felt she must keep on saying no when her heart was beating yes. So he answered her very calmly:

"You can't ever kill Nag Yat—unless and until—"

"Unless and until—"

"I give you permission."

"You're impertinent!"

"No. I know your passport is not in order—that's all. I can arrest you. You will be sent back to China—"

"You would do that to me?"

"Yes—unless."

"Unless?"

"Listen, Li Su-Chang. We have talked as good friends. But I work for Uncle Sam—and friendship stops right there. So you will do what I ask you to—or else."

"And you ask me— But wait!"

She voiced objections. Of what possible help, she wanted to know, could she be to him? Why, she had none of the necessary qualifications for the intelligence service! . . .

"Besides, I'm only a girl."

☆ HE did not reply at once. How was he going to put it? Well, no use beating about the bush.

"That's just it," he said. "You *are* a girl—and beautiful—and there's Nag Yat, who's crazy about you. He's given you some of his confidence already. And I believe that . . ."

"You," she cut in sharply, "mean—mean to suggest—that I—oh—that I should. . . ?"

"Right."

Her eyes blazed. "You expect me to become the mistress of the man who. . . ?"

"Mistress? That depends on how clever you are. A really clever woman can. . . ."

"No, no, no, no! Oh"—with a sob—"you're asking too much."

"I am not. I would ask my wife, my sister, my mother for the same sacrifice. And," harshly, "why not? A man is expected to offer his life. Is a woman's honor—to use a trite word—worth so much more than a man's life?"

"You," she spoke as slowly as before, "are a hard man."

"Because I'm playing a hard game."

He asked her to get up, walked with her to the window. It was late. A milk wagon was coming down the street.

He pointed at a row of houses across the street.

"Look at them!" he said. "Full of sleeping people. Silly—some of them—ignorant, vulgar. And yet—they've got something. A certain decency, a certain fairness, a certain love of God. And the enemy is making ready to destroy it all." He squeezed her arm. "We can't let that happen, can we?"

"Why"—her voice was dull, flat—"of course you expect me to say we can't."

"And . . . ?"

"You are right. We—can't. I—I shall help. . . ."

He smiled. He patted her hand, then looked at his watch.

"Time to get under way. Don't do anything until you hear from me. I'll communicate with you through Lincoln Wong—the waiter, you know."

And then, quick, suddenly and madly he kissed her on the lips. Then he was gone.

☆ SIMPSON, in his same disguise, and with some luggage he kept on tap in Grand Central Terminal, went to the Waldorf and engaged a top-floor suite. There, after a shower, he turned on a small desktop radio:

Zz-rr . . . zz-sh-zz-sh . . . brr-brr-sh . . .

Somebody in Oklahoma playing the violin. Faint. Then more distinct.

Simpson fiddled with the dial. Got another station. Two other stations overlapping—*zz-sh-brr*—an Austrian broadcasting Italian propaganda in English with a French accent—*brr-brr-szh-sh*—a Portuguese broadcasting British propaganda in French with a Hungarian accent.

He turned the knobs—left—right. *Zz-sh-sh . . . brr-zh-zh-brr . . .*

"Phil Scott's orchestra broadcasting from the Grand Majestic ballroom . . ."

"Insist on the label . . ."

"Gossip of the day and night—your reporter Berkeley Beverley . . ."

Simpson smiled expectantly.

"Here we are!"

He steadied the dial to a hairline; and there came Berkeley Beverley's sardonic East Side drawl:

"*Flash!* Starlet Lorna Dazzle and Pinky Curran of the horse operas are this way and that—final vows will be exchanged almost any edition. . . . Princess Gloria Blitzen and one of the seven Saxon brothers are babytalking . . . she used to be Miss Kentucky of 1920 vintage. . . . *Flash!* Two famous kodak planets, not yet Mexico-vorced, are building romansions in the air. . . ."

A pause. Then:

"*Flash!* A young American, Harland Simpson, formerly of G-7, was killed late last night when the automobile which he was driving . . ."

Oh, thought Simpson wryly, that's me! No—he laughed—that *was* me!

He switched off the dial, while Berkeley Beverley's words rolled on, were picked up by a world-wide network and zoomed, east, north, south, west, to the five continents and the seven seas, causing consternation and sorrow—and joy.

☆ THERE were, in a room hidden away on top of the Golden Peiping Cabaret, two men—they, too, had listened to the radio news—who looked at each other. And one said:

"Thank heaven we discovered his identity after I talked with him outside the courtroom! An end to Harland Simpson—if it *is* an end! May he, for many lives to come, be reborn as a louse!"

The other—who was tall, burly, his hair the reddish gold of a viking's—shook his head.

"You are ungenerous, Nag Yat," he replied. "Harland Simpson was strong and brave and loyal. A man who, in his humble work, lived up to his own ideals. Too bad that his ideals were wrong—were the weak footling ideals of a dying world order." He sighed. He said, without the slightest hypocrisy: "May the Lord—in whom, incidentally, I do not believe—give peace to his soul!"

He bowed his head; was silent.

"All right, Nag Yat," he added suddenly.

"Full steam ahead is the order. On Saturday you will fly to Yucatan . . ."

☆ MEANWHILE Simpson was a very busy man.

He organized a series of "tails" for H.L.7—six men, operating in three eight-hour shifts, to follow Nag Yat wherever he went; the same for several of his known associates.

Further, Simpson sent a department message to Shanghai—a long, urgent message, digging down to the very roots of the conspiracy that Simpson was sure was there.

Another message to an anti-narcotic office in Geneva. Another to Parsons Pasha, intelligence chief at Cairo. Another to M. Lutrec, secret agent at Marseille.

And, as day followed day, he waited for word from one whose image in his mind disturbed the beating of his heart. She, too, had been trailed. Two nights later Simpson lived through hours of hell. It had come to pass—Li Su-Chang had gone through with it. . . .

A foul business, espionage!

At ten the next morning she called him on the telephone.

"I have found out something," she told him tremulously. "Listen to my report. There is a conspiracy. It is more horrible than anything you have ever dreamed. It has to do with a way to strike at every American soldier in the draft camps—"

"Go on!" urged Simpson.

But there was no answer at the other end of the wire.

Has Nag Yat discovered that Li Su-Chang is spying on him? Has he harmed her? And what has she discovered? Read next week's dramatic chapter in which Harland Simpson's daring exploits reach thrilling heights.

The-Old-Two-a-Day Quiz

BY
JACK LAIT

Critic, playwright, and staff veteran of Variety; now editor of the New York Mirror

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct	Excellent
30 correct	Good
25 correct	Fair
20 correct	Passing
Under 20	Failing

1—Who was the first headliner to get $2,500 a week and demand payment in gold after each performance?

2—Who was the highest paid individual entertainer in vaudeville?

3—Name two former vaudeville piano accompanists who became famous.

4—Name three vaudeville dancers who married titles and riches.

5—Who, in vaudeville, was "the Mary Garden of Ragtime" and is now "the Last of the Red-Hot Mamas"?

6—What all-German act was always popular here, even through the World War?

7—Name ten two-a-day sister acts.

8—Name ten headline teams consisting of two men.

9—Name some famous family vaudeville acts.

10—What famous picture producer was a trumpeter in a vaudeville band?

11—What vaudeville actor who never made the big time became one of the best known Americans?

12—What is "coffee and cakes"?

13—Name a dozen vaudevillians who became famous on the radio.

14—What beautiful film star was a vaudeville couple's daughter and was "raised in a wardrobe trunk"?

15—Who was the father of modern vaudeville?

16—What "act" holds the all-time box-office record at Loew's State on Broadway, New York City, foremost surviving vaudeville theater?

17—What did Ella Wesner do on the vaudeville stage in the '90s which caused her to be barred in Boston?

18—How and where did Ina Claire start her career?

19—What was Ethel Barrymore's one vaudeville vehicle?

20—Who was the anonymous red-nosed pantomimic tumbler who wowed 'em falling out of a stage box in A Night in a London Music Hall?

21—What present film producer wrote the song, Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean, and what were his profits?

22—What United States President was an inveterate vaudeville fan?

23—Who were vaudeville's two famous tramp comedians?

24—Who were the White Rats, and why were they so called?

25—What are the stage names of (*a*) Anna Sullivan; (*b*) Edwin Leopold; (*c*) Ruby Stevens; (*d*) Sophie Abuza; (*e*) Ruth Dennis; (*f*) Augusta Appel; (*g*) Elsie Bierbower; (*h*) Grace Chandler; (*i*) Bill Dalton; (*j*) Mary Dalton?

26—What language did Don the Talking Dog speak?

27—What famous living vaudevillian's biography is now being filmed, and who is portraying him?

28—What former star still headlines in vaudeville one week each year, and what week is it?

29—What are vaudeville theaters called in England, and what is their schedule of performances?

30—What is an "act in one"? Why so named? Why are such acts essential?

31—What act holds the long-run record at New York's Palace?

32—Name a former juggler who refuses to imitate four High-waiians; a current topnotcher who starts every show with "Is everybody happy?"

33—What is the origin of the word "vaudeville"?

34—Which New York and Hollywood columnists, cartoonists, and artists have played vaudeville?

35—Why was Leo the Lion chosen as the trade-mark for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

36—What vaudeville comic has become a Shakespearean producer?

37—When a full-length show or play is boiled down into a vaudeville act, what is it called?

38—How many acts made up a standard vaudeville bill? What was the largest number of acts on a vaudeville bill? How many acts now constitute a vaudeville bill?

39—What prominent current film performers were once vaudevillians?

40—What international character, heard around the world, was a struggling American vaudeville actor?

(*Answers will be found on page 58*)

Under His Hat

☆ THEY used to say of Judge Michael J. Hone that he carried what law he knew under his hat.

"If Hone knew more law," one of his friends said of him, "he would be the worse as a judge." Judge Hone once put the same thought into different words. "A judge's job is to do right," he said, "and to use the law to uphold his action. The law's a tool. I use it. I never let it use me. I'm a slave to no law and of no man."

The story of Shaughnessy the boilermaker, who had been arrested for beating his mother, reflects the character of the man.

"Why did you beat your mother?" the judge asked.

"Aw, I only gave her a shove."

"A shove? For her birthday, I suppose. How old is she?"

"Seventy-six, your Honor."

"And she weighs how much?"

"Aw, I don't know, your Honor. Maybe only about ninety pounds."

At this point Shaughnessy's lawyer spoke up:

"I have just been retained in this case, your Honor. This man has a very good job and he can furnish bail."

"That won't be necessary," said the judge. "I'm holding him without bail. I have a strange feeling about this case. I think the poor old lady is going to die, and so—"

"But—" started the lawyer.

"And so," said the judge, waving the lawyer into helpless silence, "I'm holding the prisoner without bail to await the result of the injuries he inflicted on her."

He waved the lawyer away and then beckoned to the officer who had made the arrest.

"Lock him up, Madden," he said. "He's held without bail until the poor soul that gave him birth dies from the beating he gave her. Take him to the cell, Madden. And do be very careful of him. It would be terrible if he fell against a door and got a black eye, don't you think? You see what I mean?"

The case of the People *versus* William West is another story that highlights the character of the judge.

West was brought before the bar of justice by an officer of the Children's Society, and Judge Hone looked at him a long time, and then at the girl by his side, and at the woman who was evidently the girl's mother.

"Proceed, officer," he said then.

"Your Honor, the old woman—I mean this lady—wants this fellow sent to jail. She says he took her sixteen-year-old daughter Grace, this girl here, away from her home, set her up in a flat on the East Side, where they are living together, and won't let her go home. And—"

"He's a criminal," the woman interrupted, "and he's got to go to jail, judge. I hope you give him life."

The judge hushed the woman with a stern glance and addressed the young man: "How old are you, William?"

"Twenty-one."

"Are you working?"

"Yes, your Honor. I'm a house painter. I make eleven dollars a day steady."

"That's good money. That's a lot more money than I made at your age. Now, the complainant, Mrs. Mary Hankins, says you have decoyed, lured, coaxed, or kidnaped her daughter from a good and happy home; that the girl is only sixteen; and that you are living together as man and wife. I take it you are married?"

"Of course we are, your Honor. What kind of a girl do you think Grace is? Certainly I married her."

The judge turned to the officer.

"You didn't tell me there was a marriage."

"I didn't know it, your Honor. The boy didn't say anything about it to me. But it doesn't make any difference. It isn't legal without the mother's consent, since the girl is legally a child."

"That's the law," Judge Hone said to the boy. "Did you know that, William? The law says it's a crime to do what you've done. You can be sent to prison for twenty years!"

"Twenty years? For taking her out of a dirty hovel where she had to work all day, and sleep three in a bed with her sisters, and never had a decent dress or hat, or a decent meal to eat, and putting her into a nice clean home of her own?"

"Funny thing, the law," the judge commented, looking mournfully at the slatternly woman who demanded justice. "A nice boy meets a nice girl and marries her. So he commits a crime because he neglected to have his mother-in-law give her consent. Now suppose we get that consent here and now, in writing. Then I can marry you and the crime is legalized."

"You'll get no consent from me," Mrs. Hankins said.

"You insist on his going to prison, ma'am?"

"I most certainly do. No punishment is too great for him."

The girl said nothing. How could she, when she was crying so dreadfully? But after the judge had reached across the bench and given her a clean handkerchief and a big understanding smile, she stopped weeping.

"You like living with William, do you?" the judge asked.

"Sure," she said. "And we got a swell place, judge. Running water in the kitchen, hot and cold. A gas stove. Electric lights. A beautiful icebox, judge, that makes its own ice. And real furniture. All red and yellow velvet. And a bed all to myself, judge; and all the food I can eat. And—and—and I feel so kind of free. And we got a radio, and a fur coat I'm getting on the installment plan. A real minx, too. And we're saving up for a carpet sweeper."

"You see what he's done, judge?" Mrs. Hankins shouted. "He's turned her against me. My own flesh and blood giving me up for a—for a carpet sweeper!"

"He's a criminal," she interrupted, "and he's got to go to jail. I hope you give him life."

ILLUSTRATOR NORMAN ROBARD

The judge did things his own way. "The law's a tool," he said . . . "I'm a slave to no law"

BY BAYARD VEILLER

Author of Within the Law, The Trial of Mary Dugan, etc.

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Hankins," the judge answered gently. "It isn't as bad as all that. You left your parents for your husband, didn't you? These young people love each other. They're happy. You should be happy your daughter has a fine husband and such nice things. What more do you want for her?"

"What I want for her is to come home where she belongs; and to have him sent to jail where he belongs. I don't consent. I don't have to consent!"

The judge nodded. "You're right, Mrs. Hankins. But if I send the young man to prison, what's going to happen to your daughter? The installment men will take her furniture; the carpet sweeper, and the fur coat which she hasn't yet bought, and everything else will vanish. And if she has a baby— Grace, what would you do if I sent Bill to prison for twenty years?"

"You couldn't do that!" Grace whispered, white and shaky.

"Oh, yes, I could. And the law says I must. Maybe there were reasons for that law when it was passed. But now—"

He turned from the girl, shaking his head, and winked at the defendant.

"How do you plead, William, guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, I suppose I'm guilty in a way, but—"

"You heard him!" Mrs. Hankins cried, her red ugly face shining with savage triumph. "He admits it. He admits he's guilty!"

"Yes. Mrs. Hankins," the judge conceded; "he's guilty. Guilty of love, and kindness, and gentleness, and generosity, and loyalty, and chivalry."

"I'm the guilty one!" Grace cried. "It wasn't his fault we got married. It was mine. I wanted to get married. I made him marry me."

"It doesn't make any difference, Mrs. West. Bill's guilty and I must impose sentence. The sentence of this Court is that the sentence in this case is suspended indefinitely. That means you've been convicted but you're not going to jail, Bill. You've been tried and convicted, so you can't be convicted again. Go on home. Of course you're not married, you understand. There never was any marriage. Grace is not Mrs. West now. She's Grace Hankins. You don't have to support her, you don't have to—"

"He don't have to support her? What's to become of her?"

"That's a puzzle, isn't it, Mrs. Hankins?"

"Can I stay in the flat, judge?" Grace asked. "Do I have to go back to my mother?"

"No. The law doesn't say anything about the fix you're in. I guess the neighbors will think you're a bad girl. They may laugh at you, and at your mother. But if you love Bill, and want to stick to him—"

"My husband will kill me!" Mrs. Hankins cried. "I can't go home. I'll be the laughingstock of the neighborhood. My own daughter, and her not married, living with him like that. And you can't send him to jail or do anything about it? What kind of a law is that?"

"But if you'd give your consent to their marriage, Mrs. Hankins—and even now it isn't too late, you know—"

"Please, judge, let them be married. I'll sign anything—and you can marry them here and now, your Honor."

Out of the corner of his mouth Judge Hone said to his stenographer: "Have you got that?"

"Yes, your Honor," said the clerk.

"Right over there, Mrs. Hankins," said the judge, pointing to a far corner. "The clerk over there will give you something to sign. That's all you have to do."

Then he spoke to the boy and girl. "Come here, you two, quick." They came.

"Bill," said the judge, "do you take this girl for your wife?"

"Yes," said Bill.

"Grace," said the judge, "do you take Bill for your husband?"

"Oh, gee, sure, judge."

"All right," said the judge. "Now you're married. Beat it."

Mrs. Hankins came back with the paper in her hands. "Where are they?" she asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea," said the judge.

THE END

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Breath of Life

Is there a chance for love when it demands everything and gives nothing in return?

☆ LYDIA, beautiful selfish wife of Dr. Theron Lewis, is jealous of the attention he gives his work, although she manages to fill her time with social activities in the company of a group of fashionable friends, among them Timothy Wilson, with whom she is having a flirtation. Her father, Dr. Allen, whose practice as an obstetrician Ron has taken over, and Jenny Barton, a supervisor at Lister Memorial Hospital and an old friend of Ron, are the two who best understand what the young man's work means to him.

Jenny is in love with Ron and Lydia knows it. Perversely, she invites the nurse to spend her vacation at Dr. Allen's house in Southampton. Jenny goes, and on the first night of her visit Ron discovers Lydia in a sodden sleep and realizes what he has suspected before—that she is drinking in secret. Jenny and he are talking in Ron's room—Jenny weeping out of pity for him and for Lydia, and Ron comforting her—when Lydia comes in. Still drunk, she says insulting things, and Jenny is glad to escape to her own room. She makes up her mind to leave in the morning.

PART EIGHT—"I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAKES HER TICK"

☆ THE strengthening sunlight woke her and Jenny opened her eyes, dazzled and for a moment bewildered. She must have fallen asleep in this chair by the window; but why had she been sitting here in her pajamas and thin robe? She moved, and felt stiff and cramped and chilly.

Then she remembered and in the sanity of sunshine was incredulous.

She made herself face it, put it in words.

Lydia drank in secret. Early this morning Ron had learned this; had opened the hidden door to Lydia's escape with the key Jenny unwittingly had put in his hand. And what else? Nothing, she thought, except that I love him and that Lydia saw us together.

She thought, I'll have to leave.

She bathed, dressed, and then packed her bags. When almost everything was ready, she left the bags open, one on her bed, one on the luggage rack, and her little dressing case on the table, and went down to breakfast. Her stomach was a hard tight knot and she thought of food with distaste. Coffee, fruit juice. She might manage as much. Lydia would not be down; she hoped that Ron would not be. It would be painful in the extreme to tell him that she must go.

Dr. Allen was breakfasting alone in the big dining room, and looked up to welcome her with his faint, gentle smile. He said, "Good morning, Jenny. What kind of a time did you have last night?"

In her profession you learn to dissemble.

She said, "Wonderful. Did you know we were honored with Mr. Harvey Reid's presence at dinner?"

"Who's he?" demanded Allen.

Jenny told him, smiling, her description of Mr. Reid spiced with a touch of malice unusual to her. Allen listened, greatly entertained. He asked, "You stayed up until all hours, didn't you?"

"Were we noisy?" she asked, her breath shortened with apprehension.

"Not at all. I went to sleep about eleven, I fancy, and didn't wake until after dawn. But you look tired—a little pale; and there are shadows under your eyes. Not that it isn't becoming."

She said, "I'm not used to even the mildest goings-on, Dr. Allen."

"Do you good," he said heartily. "Relax a little, have fun, get away from the hospital. You probably need change even more than rest. . . . Will you have some eggs?" he asked.

Jenny shook her head. "Not this morning, thanks."

"I like to see young women eat," he complained. "Lydia simply pecks at her food. She consumes all her nerv-

ous energy in this absurd dashing around, and then hasn't any left over. She's too tired to eat, although she probably doesn't know it. She's losing weight. I've been at her for months to have a thorough going over. Her metabolism is probably very high." He shrugged. "Funny," he commented. "A considerable number of women have paid me very well for advice, and still do now and then. But when it comes to my own daughter—"

Jenny asked, as casually as she could, "Where's every one?"

"Lydia," said her father, "never appears until noon. As for Ron, he went out early. One of his patients who is staying at the Irving House called him. He put his head in my door about an hour ago and told me."

She thought, I can be gone before he gets back, before Lydia wakes. I'll leave a note. I can say I had a telephone call, and that I have to go to town and get a train to Cooperstown.

After breakfast Allen insisted that she go out on the terrace with him, in the sun. He kept her there for a while, talking, and when presently she escaped, it was with a sense that she must hurry. Ron might be back at any minute.

She heard some one in her room as she came down the hall. She thought, The maid, most likely. But when she opened the door, she saw Lydia standing by the windows, smoking.

She turned as Jenny came in and gestured toward the open bags. She asked, "You were going away?"

Lydia's eyes were heavy and her face a little drawn. Otherwise she looked herself, her hair shining and curled, her lipstick bright. She wore a long fitted

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATOR
HY RUBIN

After luncheon they sat around and listened to Mr. Reid talk about his forthcoming picture.

robe, the color of her eyes, edged with sable. She said, "It's cooler this morning, isn't it?"

Jenny tried to speak. She couldn't. She came in, closing the door carefully, and sat down on the edge of the bed. Lydia stood still, regarding her. Then she said gently, "Don't be silly, Jenny. Unpack your bags. We promised to go to Amabell's today, and tomorrow night I'm giving you a party—"

Jenny shook her head. There were words, but she could not find them, couldn't force them past her lips.

"Oh," said Lydia, "last night. This morning, rather. Aren't you making rather an issue—" She broke off, and amplified, smiling, "A tempest in a teapot? Only it wasn't a teapot."

"No," said Jenny, discovering her voice, "it wasn't."

☆ LYDIA sat down on a chair by the window. "I don't remember much," she admitted. She glanced up. "I was plastered, wasn't I?"

"Yes."

"I heard voices, and I went into Ron's room, and there you were—"

Jenny said steadily, "I thought I heard you—I thought you were ill. I couldn't open your door, so I went to Ron's and woke him. He got out on the roof and went in a window. He unlocked the door between your rooms and—"

"No details," said Lydia, "please."

Jenny asked, "Why not? It's something we have to discuss, isn't it? When he—found what was wrong, he came back into his room and I followed him. Then you—"

"Listen," said Lydia. "I haven't any excuse—except that I felt horrible. Last night at dinner I thought I'd scream. I was so tired, so bored, so—I thought, when I couldn't sleep, afterward, I'll take a drink; maybe that will help." Her eyes were guileless. "So I got up," she said, "and went downstairs and got a bottle of whisky, and it hit me like a ton of bricks."

If only, thought Jenny, she wouldn't lie. She's trying to say it's the first time.

"I suppose Ron's furious," said Lydia tentatively.

"I don't know," said Jenny. "He was certainly—very much disturbed."

"There was nothing," Lydia declared, "to be disturbed about."

Jenny thought, Well, I'm going away anyhow. I won't see her again, probably. She said sturdily, "You're not fooling any one, Lydia—not even yourself. It isn't the first time. Ron knows that."

"Ron—knows? He told you?" Lydia's face changed, and was wary and still.

"Yes."

"All right," said Lydia, "so it wasn't the first time. What's he going to do about it?"

"I don't know," said Jenny truthfully.

Lydia got up and crossed the room. She sat down on the bed beside Jenny. She said, "He hates me—"

Jenny looked at her. She answered after a minute: "Don't be dramatic, Lydia. He doesn't hate you. He loves you—you're his wife."

Lydia was silent. She said after a moment, "Give me the ash tray, will you?" She stubbed out the cigarette, twisting it, crushing it. She said quietly:

"Before we were married Ron told me I drank too much. Oh, I wasn't—like last night, ever. But I kept going on a cocktail before lunch and two before dinner and highballs after. He didn't like it, so I stopped. At first I didn't miss it. Afterward I did. But by that time I had a reputation. Lydia, the girl wonder—who didn't need a drink to make her the life of the party. I swear it began gradually, Jenny, I swear it. Only at night I'd be so deathly tired, and it was wonderful to escape, to feel my nerves relax, and my bones. . . . You wouldn't understand. It's just letting go, and warmth and—"

"My dear," said Jenny gently. "But you can stop, if you want, Lydia. Ron will help you. You're so young—you've so much to live for. You can't go on like this, you know. You need rest and care, to build up your resistance."

Lydia spoke as if she hadn't heard. She said, "I remember one thing. I went in Ron's room, and it was too bright and things were fuzzy, but you were there, you two, and I—"

Jenny said, "I was crying."

"What about? I don't remember that."

"You," said Jenny. She thought, That's only half true.

"Me? I'm not worth crying about; I don't even cry about myself. Jenny, don't go away. Stay here with me. I—if you're here I won't be so afraid."

"Of what?"

"Everything. Ron, myself, daytime—and most of all, nights," Lydia said.

"But what can I do?" Jenny asked her. "This is your problem; you have to face it yourself."

"You can help me," said Lydia. She put her face against Jenny's shoulder. She added, "Unless you hate me too, why won't you help me?"

☆ JENNY put her arm about her. Poor little creature, shallow, false, despicable—no, not despicable. Who am I, she thought, to judge? I'm not Lydia. I don't know what makes her tick, I don't know what motivates her, what destroys her—

"Promise me you won't go away."

"I promise."

I haven't any character, she thought. I'm spineless, a jellyfish. I'll stay; I'll tell myself it's because I want to help her. That's only half true, too. I'll stay to be near Ron, to help him if I can.

Lydia raised her head; she said, "Thanks; I won't forget. I—good heavens," she cried, "I'm riding at noon . . ."

"You can break your engagement. Look," said Jenny. "I'll go back to your room with you, put you back to bed—"

"I feel wonderful," said Lydia. "Don't bother about me. I want to ride."

At the door she turned. She said, "Don't you see? I can get through the days."

She closed the door, and methodically Jenny set about her unpacking.

Ron, coming along the hall, saw Lydia at the door of her own room. He said absurdly, "So you're up—"

"Apparently," Lydia told him. "Good morning, darling." She smiled. She said, "I was just going to dress."

"Wait a minute." He opened the door, stood aside, followed her in, closing the door quietly. He asked, "You're riding with Wilson?"

"Yes."

"I'd rather you didn't. Call him; tell him you have changed your mind."

She asked, "Aren't you being a little arbitrary?"

"Perhaps. Will you call him or must I?"

She shrugged. "Very well," she said, and went to the telephone beside her bed. She asked, waiting for the connection, "Light me a cigarette, will you?"

☆ WHEN Timothy's voice came on the wire she was smoking, standing there, tapping her foot. She said, "Tim? . . . Yes, Lydia. I can't ride this morning. . . . No. . . . No. . . . Yes, of course I'm sorry." She smiled and looked toward Ron. "No, I'm not alone," she said. "Yes, this afternoon. Of course we'll all be there. . . . 'By."

She replaced the instrument and threw herself carelessly across the bed, a thin hand, with the cigarette smoldering between the fingers, dangling toward the floor. She said, "Well, that's that, and I needn't hurry, after all. Get on with it," she ordered. "We may as well have it over."

Ron sat down beside the bed. "Perfect picture," she murmured, "doctor and patient. 'May I take your pulse? How long have you been feeling ill? Any symptoms of morning sickness?' "

He said sharply, "It's no use, Lydia. . . . How much do you remember about last night?"

"Plenty," she answered. She closed her eyes and went on sleepily: "Enough to hang you. In a court of law, I mean. 'And then what happened, Mrs. Lewis?' 'And then I went to the door between our rooms, and saw my husband with this woman in his arms. Neither was fully dressed.' "

He said slowly, "You have a rotten mind, Lydia."

"Of course. . . . Jenny, by the way, was all packed this morning, ready to desert the sinking ship. I persuaded her to stay. I accepted her explanation—in fact," she added, "I begged her to stay."

"Jenny owes you no explanation."

"That's nice," said Lydia; "that makes everything lovely."

He said, "Look at me. You don't believe a word you're saying."

She opened her eyes, closed them again. She said indifferently, "Per-

haps not. But it gives me an advantage to pretend I do—if I am pretending."

He said, "Suppose we forget that for a moment. How long have you been drinking, Lydia?"

"Three years. Once in a while at first, then more frequently. One advantage of your profession, you leave early in the morning. One advantage of mine—if being your wife is a profession—I breakfast late."

He asked, after a moment, "Why? If I am to help you, Lydia, I must know why."

She said, "I don't know. A thousand reasons. I'm sick of the way we live. You're all right. You have your job; you love it. I run around and arrange bazaars or charity dances or collect overcoats. Contract and matinees and silly women. It bores me."

"I've suggested other occupations," he said.

"Naturally. You have a single-track mind. Have a child, adopt a child. What for? I don't want one. You can't solve every woman's problem that way, Ron."

He said, "We'll solve yours, some way. First of all—"

Lydia broke in again. She said, "Jenny's already prescribed, thank you. Rest and food, building up my resistance, and of course a cure. How are you going to explain it to dad? Or perhaps you intend to tell him?"

He said, white, "I shan't tell him. You know that. It might, quite literally, kill him."

She said, "Or if I divorced you, Ron—that would upset him dreadfully."

"Divorced me?"

"I could. Oh, don't look so grim. You're innocent, Jenny's innocent, you're a couple of noble and maligned souls. Well, I wouldn't give either of you the satisfaction. And I've forged another link in the chain, haven't I? Your mutual solicitude. Poor Lydia, what can we do to help her?"

He asked quietly, "What can *I* do—"

"Ron—" She opened her eyes and looked at him. He had never seen such naked despair. "I don't know."

☆ HE said, after a moment, "Don't cry, Lydia." He sat down on the bed and took her in his arms.

She wept like a child. "My head aches," she said. "I feel ghastly."

He said, smoothing her hair back, "You'll be all right; you'll—"

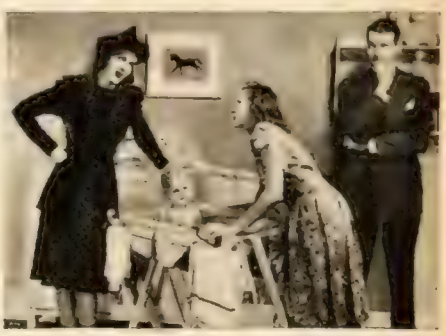
She said, "It's me, Ron—something in me, something mean and vicious. Something that possesses me and something I lack. It began before we'd been married long, in a way. After you were asleep, I couldn't sleep. I'd lie there, hating you, despising myself, wanting to scream, to tear the sheets with my teeth and nails. Yet loving you, too. That was the horrible part of it."

He felt as if he had been stabbed, as if he were bleeding to death internally.

She said, half whispering, "If you'd stay with me—talk to me, hold me

1. My sister-in-law lives near by. And I often wish she didn't. She's really swell and we're proud of her because she's such a successful career woman. But gosh, why do women who have no children always think they're child authorities?

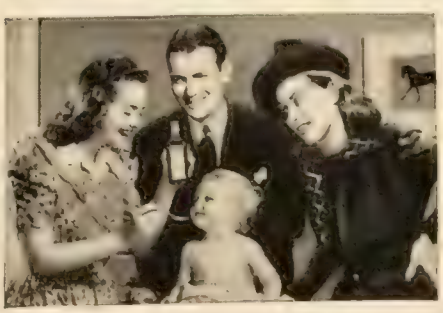
2. Last week, I'd just told Bill off about her interfering, when in she walked. I was bathing the baby. She looked at the things I keep in the bathinette pockets and said (for about the twentieth time this month!), "Lucy Bender—*how* you spoil this baby!"



3. "Look at all this stuff!" she went on. "Special diapers, special rubbing oil, special powder, and even—" "Yes," I interrupted, "even a special laxative! *Especially* a special laxative! You *bet* my baby gets special care. I do exactly what the doctor tells me to do for her."

4. "The doctor says you can't treat a baby's delicate system like an adult's. And you've got to be *particularly* careful of what goes into her little stomach. That's why she gets a laxative made especially for infants and children. The *doctor* recommended Fletcher's Castoria."

5. "There isn't a harsh drug in it. Fletcher's Castoria is mild but effective. And *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to gripe a child's tiny system. Tastes good, too. I wouldn't be without it—and when *you* have a baby you'll feel the same way!"



6. Well, she watched the baby take a spoonful of Fletcher's Castoria and when she saw the way baby *enjoyed* it, she said, "You know—maybe you've got something there!" And s'help me, she's *asked* instead of *told* me about my baby ever since! I hope it lasts.

Mrs. Bender Learns to Save Money on Fletcher's Castoria

By buying the large family-size bottle of Fletcher's Castoria, you make a real saving.

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The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

New Vicks Inhaler Makes Nose Feel Clearer In Seconds

When your nose stuffs up from a cold, get greater breathing comfort—quick—with the new handy Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective medication that makes the nose feel clearer in seconds. And you can use it as often as needed!

VICKS INHALER

CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm, brings comfort.

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WM. DEMUTH & CO., N.Y.

HESSON GUARD
MILANO

in your arms and talk and—" She raised her head and spoke soberly, quietly. She said, "I'll try, Ron; I'll try very hard."

"Of course," he told her.

"Don't go," she said drowsily; "don't leave me."

He was aware a moment later that she slept, her face relaxed, her eyes hidden, looking defenseless and young and innocent—as she must have looked when, long ago, she was a child.

☆ RON had no opportunity to see Jenny alone during the day. He had stayed with Lydia until she woke and, exclaiming at the hour, rang for a maid and sent him away. There was no time for a swim before luncheon, and after luncheon they went to Amabell's and sat around on the broad green lawns and listened to Mr. Reid talk about his forthcoming picture. They swam after that, returning to Amabell's at cocktail time. And Aunt Sammy arrived for the night, a colleague of Dr. Allen's from Easthampton for dinner, and after dinner a dozen people dropped in.

Ron watched Lydia, marveling at her ability to hide herself from the world, looking for her beyond the tinted mask and not finding her. Jenny was quiet. She said little, withdrew herself, an unobtrusive spectator.

Before the household settled down for the night, he had a moment with her on the terrace.

He said, "I want to talk to you, Jenny. I've wanted to all day. But now that we have a moment, there isn't anything to say."

She said, "I was going, Ron. I'd packed and had an excuse ready, but Lydia found out—"

"And asked you to stay? Yes, I know; she told me."

He thought, I've no reason to report what else she told me. It would serve no good purpose.

She asked, "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know." He laughed shortly. "Odd, how simple it is when you're—just the doctor. You send for the husband. You say this and that must be done. You issue orders, and hope they'll be obeyed. But in this case the doctor is the husband."

"I know." She suggested tentatively, "If she'd go away—a sanitarium, perhaps—for a while?"

"Can you imagine Lydia in—"

"No," said Jenny, "I can't."

He said, "Last night I thought of something—it seemed the solution. Some one with her. Some one she trusts. Some one who cares for her, who would be there all the time—"

She thought, Don't say it; don't even *think* it.

He went on steadily, "You. There's no one else. I realized what I would be asking—I'd be asking you to give up the work you love because I—we—need you. But who else could watch her? Who else could—" He sighed heavily. "I'll talk to her about the sanitarium, Jenny; I'll have to. I don't know what we can tell her father."

She asked slowly, "On the other hand, how would you explain me?"

"I'd thought of that. You found yourself very tired, even going stale. You asked for a leave of absence from the hospital—"

She said, "And if Lydia wouldn't consent?"

"I thought this morning that she—" He broke off. He couldn't say now, "I am sure she wouldn't."

Jenny thought, To be with her every day, and when Ron's in town every night. To listen to her, to watch her, to spy on her— I can't do it, even if she were willing!

He said, "Forget it. I was out of my mind. I couldn't ask it of you, Jenny."

She thought, Of course you can; you can ask anything of me.

They went into the house together, and Lydia said lightly, "You two look terribly solemn—you have that in-conference look."

Jenny said good night and went to her room. Ron, following Lydia down the hall, stopped at his father-in-law's door. It was ajar and a light burned. He knocked and went in, and found Allen propped up against his pillows, his lips faintly blue and his color leaden.

☆ "WHY didn't you call me?" Ron demanded.

"What for?" asked Allen.

"You've had an attack," Ron accused him.

"Didn't amount to anything. I am still sufficiently master of my fate to reach for the usual remedies."

Ron said, "You'll stay in bed tomorrow."

Allen grinned. He said, "I'm getting old—I love attention. Maybe Jenny would sit with me for a while—if I'm to be bedridden."

"Of course she will."

"I didn't mean it. It's her vacation, poor girl."

"Suppose I sleep in your dressing room tonight?" suggested Ron.

"Don't be ridiculous," said Allen. "I'm all right now. I'll sleep. Get to bed, will you? I'll ring that ridiculous bell you had rigged up if I need you."

Ron left his father-in-law's room a little later, his face dark with apprehension. During the summer Allen had had several attacks, all save the first one mild enough. But they were becoming more frequent.

When he reached his room he found that the door between it and Lydia's stood open. He went in and found her almost ready for bed. She smiled at him. "What took you so long?" she asked. "I thought Jenny—"

"I wasn't with Jenny," he said wearily. "Do say what you mean, Lydia; it's so much simpler. I was with your father," he went on. "He has had another attack. . . . Oh, nothing alarming; very mild and short. But still, the score adds up."

She said quickly, "Does he want to see me? Poor old dad."

"He's all right," said Ron; "he'll sleep presently. But this only makes

it more evident that he must be spared every disturbance, every distress."

She asked evenly, "Well?"

"Lydia—all day I have been trying to think clearly, wondering what is best for you. The obvious course is, naturally, a sanitarium where, with rest and care—"

She cried, scarlet, "I won't go to one of those places! You can't make me!"

He asked quietly, "Do you want to be well, Lydia?"

"Of course; but—" She broke off and looked at him, her face pinched and small. "No," she said, "I don't. I'm all right this way. I'm happy—"

"I disagree," he told her. "You're not all right and you're not happy. A sanitarium's out, then." He shrugged his shoulders. "You won't go of your own accord, and I can't force you without your father's knowledge. It would—" He broke off and looked at her. He said, "You just told me you didn't want to be cured. That means, among other things, that you don't love me—"

"Oh, I love you," she said, half angrily. "If I could be cured of that too, I'd go to a dozen sanitariums!"

"Lydia," he said, "if you'll try, if you'll co-operate, you can be cured, and we'll work the rest out somehow—our marriage—on a fresh, a different basis. There must be some way—"

He went over to her, lifted her in his arms and kissed her. He said, "If only you'd told me, if only you'd confided in me all along, from the very first—"

He released her and went to the door. He said, standing there, "I want you to leave this open—tonight."

She did not answer. A little later he saw her light go out, and lay there waiting in the darkness. There was no sound from her room, and after what seemed a long time he fell asleep.

☆ AN hour or so later he woke. He said, sitting up in bed, "Lydia? Did you call me?"

"Ron—"

He went into the room and found her sitting on the edge of her bed. She said, "I can't sleep—I can't."

"Lie down," he said. He lay down beside her and took her in his arms.

She was shuddering painfully from head to foot. She said, "Let me go—leave me, Ron, please. I'm all right. I won't do anything—I promise."

"I'll stay here," he said.

It was like that for a long time. Promises, pledges, appeals, tears, and at the end brutally frank abasement. He got up finally and asked, "Where is it?"

She told him. "Hurry," she said. "Hurry."

He found the key and the little chest in the closet and what was in it. He measured a small amount in a glass and brought it back to her. He watched her drink it. He thought, We'll fight this ourselves—tapering off, sedatives, exercise, rest.

But he could not be with her all the time.

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

June: Hello, serious! How's the book? Got a new thriller?

Nancy: Oh, it's nothing much. Just a little thing I sent for.

June: Wow! "How to be a glamour girl!" Well, of all the . . .

Nancy: Stop it! You're a spite cat, June. A girl's *got* to have a *little* something these days.

June: I'll say she has! And you're going to start getting it! Glamour, my grandpa! The way you've been moping around and picking at your food! I'll bet you're not even on speaking terms with vitamins. What you need is more "pep appeal"!

June: And here's where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have them all, and right in this delicious cereal—called KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.

Nancy: Hey! Stop the sales talk! This is the most gorgeous cereal I ever tasted. And if getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as this, hold everything! I'm going to have PEP every morning!

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's* Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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He said, "Try to sleep, Lydia, if you can."

"You won't leave me?"

"No, I won't leave you."

"Not ever? No matter what I do, no matter what I say?"

"Never," he told her—"while I live."

She slept presently, and he lay beside her listening to her breathing. He thought, *How much has been my fault?*

He slept fitfully, and when she finally woke she heard him moving around the room next door. She felt wonderful, she thought. She had slept like a child. She called him and he came to the door.

"How long have you been gone?" she demanded.

"Half an hour—"

"I feel marvelous," she said. "Ring for Mary, will you, Ron? I'll have my tray early."

☆ HE rang, and after the maid had come and gone Lydia said, "Come here."

He obeyed, and stood beside the bed, looking down. She said, "You see? If you'd just stay with me always—"

A lover who companions you throughout the night, who holds you in his arms, from whom you derive strength and security. But a lover who demands nothing.

He said, "I can't always be with you."

"Why not?" she asked. "You could give up medicine. We'd be together. We could go away, travel. There's enough money, Ron, more than enough."

"What," he asked her, "would your father think of that, exactly?"

She answered after a moment, "I didn't mean *now*."

She means after he dies—which might be today, tomorrow, next month, next year. After she inherits what he has accumulated, and one complication is removed, he thought. He could feel neither anger nor disgust, only dull astonishment.

She said, "Can't you understand? It's only when I'm with you that I feel safe."

She was asking this of him! She was asking him to give up something which was as necessary to him as breath. She was demanding it. He was her husband. He had loved her—God knew how much. Now he felt nothing but a sharp, wounding pity and a heavy responsibility. How much was his fault? he thought again, and he knew he would go on asking himself that for the rest of his life.

She said, "If I knew, if I could believe that when—that later, before we are old, you would be with me, Ron, all the time—that you'd put nothing ahead of me."

"And meantime?"

"I'll try," she told him. "As long as I have something to look forward to, I'll *want* to try."

He said, "You mustn't be alone."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you—just that. It's all I've been trying to tell you, Ron. Come here; sit down."

She put her hand on his, closing her thin fingers with astonishing force over his.

"You've never belonged to me," she said.

He said, "No one belongs to any one else, Lydia."

"They must," she said wildly. "My mother and father did, to each other. Never to me. No one to me, ever! Not even you."

"You can't possess people," he told her. "Only children believe that."

She was a child, possessive and unsatisfied, with a child's cold, unawakened flesh, shrinking from realities.

She asked, after a moment, "Do you suppose that Jenny would come stay with me?"

Jenny? His heart leaped and steadied again. He asked, after a moment, "Why?"

"I wouldn't be alone then," she said. "And Jenny—knows."

Jenny knew that Lydia hated her because she knew. Lydia thought, But she'd be with me, where I could see her any hour of the day and night. I could call her and she'd be there. Not in the hospital, seeing Ron. Not running off with him somewhere, and coming back all shining because they'd been working together. *Here.* Helping me. Waiting on me. Doing things for me—all the little demeaning things. And when Ron came I'd be with him, and she'd know that. She'd lie just next door and she'd know it.

☆ SHE said, "If Jenny stays with me, I—I won't be afraid. *If* she stays with me—and if you promise, Ron—if you love me you can do this for me. Ask Jenny to stay until you are free—until we no longer need her, until you can be with me always. Will you promise?"

He could not. She was demanding his life. She was bidding him throw it away. The hospital, and the white light beating down, and his own controlled voice speaking to some woman whose body contracted and labored, seeking its release, and the release of life, the breath of life. This, and all the rest. The sense of sureness and power. The knowledge of being needed.

Lydia said, "I need you, Ron, terribly. This hasn't been me all these years. Some one else, some one who keeps running away. I won't run away any more. I'll get well," she promised. "I'll get well and—" She heard the maid coming down the hall with her tray. She said, "Ron, if you'll promise, I'll do anything you want. I'll even have a child."

Caught between devotion to his work and what he believes is duty to the woman he married, what will Ron decide? Will he make the promise Lydia has asked? Will he ask Jenny to sacrifice her career for the sake of a cold and selfish parasite? Read the coming chapter in Liberty next week.

Mr. Wheezie

or, How to lose friends and antagonize people—Maybe you know a man like this

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

"On page fifteen, labeled Jest Twelve, appears your little story, Mr. Fane."

BY STEPHEN FANE

☆ I ALWAYS did like my little joke, and that, I suppose, was why I bought a house in the country. Anyhow, the fact that I had done so immediately became a source of mirth to my friends and to such of my relatives as were capable of merriment.

"Why should a bachelor want a house in the country?"

"Such a gregarious bachelor, too!"

After I had looked up that word "gregarious" and found it wasn't what I feared it might be, I could see their point. All of my fair, fat, and forty summers I had loved my fellow man, and although I had not loved my fellow woman to the point of marrying her, I certainly had not avoided her society. And now, while the glow of bar-and-grill was still shining brightly on either cherubic cheek, I had chosen to maroon myself on one of nature's bleaker shores.

It was the old sea dog in me, I suppose. I had been coxswain of my class crew, and could still talk a good boat ride if somebody else pulled the oars. Besides, there was the fish.

No, I wasn't a fisherman. But the former owner of my house had been, and since I had taken the premises "as was," I had inherited the fish, the large embalmed one mounted on artificial seaweed above the fireplace.

This fish fascinated me. Every morning I would stand in front of it for a long time. Then—it was a kind of ceremonial—I would say out loud:

"The man who caught that fish was a liar!"

The line wasn't mine, of course. I had read it somewhere. But it was a good line and I would dearly have loved to tell it to Mr. Wheezie.

Now, the connection between Mr. Wheezie and a dead fish might not have been obvious unless you had seen Mr. Wheezie. He was not a fat opulent fish like the one over the fireplace. His architecture was more that of the eel—of a stiff eel, if you know what I mean. But there was a cold scaly clamminess about the fellow that placed him indubitably in the finny family. Whether or not he also spoke fish, I did not know. So far as I was concerned, in the six months I had lived next door to him he hadn't spoken anything. He seldom came out and when he did, if he saw me coming down the road he gave a perfect imitation of Adolf diving for a bomb shelter.

This sort of hide-and-seek went on for a couple of months longer, and I had just about despaired of ever telling Mr. Wheezie my fish story when one day my telephone rang. It wasn't Mr. Wheezie. It was the local Blackstone who had looked up my title and filed my deed. He had been consulted, he said, by Mr. Wheezie's lawyer.

"The proposition is a simple one, and I am quite sure you won't object," he said. "Mr. Wheezie wants to slice six feet off your rear, or—"

I heard no more. Even as a boy I had been aware that my rear was prominent. I knew, too, that years of sitting—especially on stools at bars—had not lessened the infirmity. But six feet? After all, fat was fat!

Blackstone hastened to assure me that Mr. Wheezie was quite prepared to pay me a fair price for the proposed alteration, or if I preferred, I could pay him for a six-foot slice of his, Wheezie's, front.

"Either way," glibbed Blackstone, "it will be all right."

"What will?" I asked sternly.

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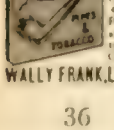

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"Why, the boundary line, of course. You own two lots, a front and a rear. So does Wheezie. Your rear is six feet wider than Wheezie's and Wheezie's front is six feet wider than yours, and he wants to straighten—"

"Oh!" I broke in, relieved, and also delighted that at last I might have an opportunity to tell Mr. Wheezie my fish story. "Ask him to call me up in the morning. I'll buy him a lunch."

Blackstone went into what I soon learned was a shocked silence. "Mr. Fane," he said, "it isn't done."

There was that in the lawyer's voice which said, as clearly as if he had uttered the words, that Mr. Wheezie, if the truth were known, was the local murderer, kidnaper, and arsonist.

Imagine my state, therefore, when, some days following a peaceful settlement of the boundary matter, my phone rang again. Again it was not Mr. Wheezie. It was Mrs. Wheezie.

It seemed improbable. But who was Stephen Fane to say "No" to a lady or a dinner? While I was trying to banish speculation as to whether I was to eat or be eaten, I laid my little plans on the social side. A Fane must not flinch—and the only good guest is the one who is the life of the party.

First off, I would tell my fish story, and after the fishline had hooked them, I would ease right into my hunting story. A good story, too. About the two hunters who are chased by a bull. One climbs a tree. The other dives into a hole. But the guy in the hole keeps popping out again, and the bull, when he sees him, keeps charging back at him. Finally the man up a tree yells: "Why don't you stay in the hole, you fool?"

"Stay in, hell!" shouts the other guy. "There's a bear in this hole!"

By the time I had told Mr. Wheezie that, I figured I'd have him rolling in whatever he used for aisles. The rest would be easy. I'd go into my pants routine: the one about the chap who said the only bright spot in his life was on the seat—but of course you know that one, and also the one about the sign over the tailor shop which reads "Baggy Pants Removed." But those joke-starved Wheezies would never have heard either of them, let alone the one about the bishop in his robes who asked a Sunday-school class if there were any questions, and got:

"Is dem all you've got on, or does you wear pants underneath 'em?"

So I went to dinner with the Wheezies. Very good, too, especially the fish. The moment this course arrived, I cleared the Fane throat.

"Mr. Wheezie," I began jovially, "do you fish?"

"Not for fish," he grunted.

This response was quite in the spirit of his conversation up to that point.

"Or hunt?" I continued hopefully.

Right away I saw my mistake, and before he could say "Not for hunters," I said, apropos of nothing at all, "But you do wear pants?"

I expected Mrs. Wheezie to be shocked. I don't know why, because anybody could see that Mr. Wheezie did wear pants, and Mrs. Wheezie, under trying circumstances, had already shown herself quite a dear. Anyway, Mr. Wheezie admitted solemnly that he did, so I started blithely on my pants saga.

The bright spot on the seat of the pants was apparently not bright enough to pierce the Wheezie gloom. Neither was the tailor's sign. And there was a thick silence following the bishop story, broken finally by Mr. Wheezie stalking from the room.

In his absence I perked up to the point of telling poor Mrs. Wheezie about the conversation between a married couple who were going places and a traffic cop. "What do you mean, going sixty miles an hour through this town?" yelled the cop.

"Why, you ——*——*——!" yelled the driver.

"Don't pay any attention, officer," purred the wife. "He's intoxicated."

Mrs. Wheezie's rather pretty face twitched slightly, but didn't go into a smile. Instead, she said:

"You have taken a very old sex-antagonism 'number' and grafted an automobile and a policeman on it. A very clever Burbank, Mr. Fane."

☆ I HADN'T the slightest idea what she was talking about, but it was the first kind word I had had about my efforts to be the life of the party, and I was fairly burbling when Mr. Wheezie returned with one stubby finger in a weighty tome.

"Mr. Fane," he said, fixing me with a none too friendly stare, "you were speaking about the curiosity of the laity as to whether bishops wear pants. Well, I have given considerable study to that subject and am prepared to say that stories similar to that one of yours have been current for the better part of three centuries. I have here a book published in 1660, The Life and Jests of Mr. Hugh Peters, who was a minister of the gospel in the late Oliver Cromwell's time."

He held up for my embarrassed inspection the crumpled brown-edged title page. "On page fifteen of this volume, labeled Jest Twelve, appears your little story, Mr. Fane."

"So I told a joke that was three centuries old?"

"You might have done worse. Remember, Clara, the man who sat right where Mr. Fane is now and told us that one about the barber? Do you know any barber jokes, Mr. Fane?"

"Certainly," I said, brightening. "A little experience of my own. I got one of those gabby fellows who talked me deaf all through the haircut, and when he said, 'How would you like to be shaved?' I said—"

"That's the one!" groaned Mr. Wheezie. "The one that Hierocles, the Neoplatonic Alexandrian philosopher, told in the fifth century A. D. The barber said to Hierocles, 'How would you like to be shaved?' And Hierocles said to the barber—"

At this point Mr. Wheezie's emotions threatened to overcome him.

"And what did Hierocles say?"

prompted Mrs. Wheezie dutifully.

"He said: 'In silence.'"

She tried again. "Augustus, Mr. Fane has a Burbank."

"Oh, just a little thing—"

"Of your own, I suppose, Mr. Fane? Well, sir, there are no new jokes. Take the most famous one of all, the mother-in-law joke. That goes back to the cave man who was contentedly gnawing on a bone when his wife rushed in, shrieking, 'Quick! Get your club. A tiger is chasing mother!'

"The cave man went right on gnawing.

"'What the deuce do I care,' he said, 'what happens to a tiger?'"

As Mr. Wheezie finished, he glared first at me and then at his wife.

"Augustus, Mr. Fane has a—"

"I was just coming to that. The automobile comes into existence, and what do we get?"

"Jokes about flivvers," I reminisced, and then hurried on: "And there was that one about the dentist who asked the man if he would take gas; and the man said, 'Yeah, and you'd better look at the oil, too.'"

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Wheezie cracked a lip, but she said encouragingly, "Tell Augustus your Burbank."

"Well, I wouldn't want to bore you by repeating that one, Mrs. Wheezie. How would this do? A man went to his doctor and described his symptoms thusly:

"'I jump when I hear the telephone. The doorbell sends me into hysterics. Any stranger coming to the house frightens me out of my life. I am afraid to pick up a newspaper. Do you know what is wrong with me?'

"'Yes,' said the doctor. 'My wife drives a car, too.'"

There was the usual pained silence. Then Mr. Wheezie said, "Exactly!"

"Exactly what?" I demanded.

"Exactly what I said. There *are* no new jokes. The one you have just told stems directly, as do all husband-and-wife jokes, from Joe Miller's 'Who was the lady I seen you with last night?' 'That wasn't a lady, that was my wife.' And Joe Miller died in 1738! I suppose you know a lot of war jokes, too, Mr. Fane?"

"As a matter of fact, I do, and new ones, too." I was getting a little peeved. "Hitler was driving along and ran over a dog. He sent his chauffeur to the nearest house to express his regrets. Presently the man returned carrying a basket filled with bottles of rare wines and brandies.

"'How come?' asked Adolf.

"'Well, I rapped at the door of the house, my Führer, and a man opened the door. And I said, "Heil Hitler! The dog is dead!" "Good gracious!" exclaimed the man. "What great news! Take this to celebrate it."'"

"That one was told about the Kaiser," said Mr. Wheezie. "It was probably told about Caesar too."

"Well, this one wasn't!" I shouted. "A pretty blonde was sitting in a dark and crowded air-raid shelter between two men she had never seen before. Suddenly she yelled, 'Take your hand off my knee! No, not you—*you*.'"

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"Clara," said Mr. Wheezie, "you will observe that Mr. Fane has taken S-1246, Motion Picture Theater Division, and transplanted it, quite successfully I might say, to the Second World War Bomb Shelter Division. You might make a note to run through the entire division. You might find a—"

"Burbank?" said Clara.

"Yes," said Augustus, "Burbank."

"Say," I broke in, "who is this fellow Burbank, and what in—"

"I know," said Mr. Wheezie wearily. "I already have that one under Politics (American), Subdivision Bryan. P-8628, isn't it, Clara?"

"No, Augustus. P-8629."

"Of course, P-8629," agreed Mr. Wheezie, obviously mortified at his slip, but he straightway began to rattle off P-8629 as if he were performing a painful duty.

It seems that the Bryanites were staging a rally, at which local talent was filling in pending the arrival of the principal speaker. The presiding officer made a few remarks, concluding with: "As Goldsmith says:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills
a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men
decay."

As the applause died down, the local candidate for the assembly entered the hall. His line of argument followed closely that of the preceding orator; and when some one on the platform nudged him to indicate that the real speaker was arriving outside, he closed hastily but fittingly with, "As Goldsmith says:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills
a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men
decay."

On the last twittering handclaps the Great Commoner entered the building. His speech, like the others, abounded in attacks on wealth; and he paused dramatically and shouted:

"Listen to the words of the immortal Goldsmith—"

He never finished his speech. A gray-bearded old cracker rose from the front row. "Who is this fellow Goldsmith," he demanded, "and what is he running for?"

Stop Mr. Wheezie if you've heard 'em? Try and do it! He'll be back, with a lot more items from his collection, in an early issue.

By this time I was in the mood to give Mr. Wheezie silence for silence; but under my breath an exclamation escaped me. "*Mon Dieu!*" I groaned.

"Ah!" he said. "I'm glad you reminded me of it."

"Of what?"

"Of the French language, Mr. Fane. Inexhaustible source of wit and humor. We must have over three thousand FLs, haven't we, Clara?"

"Three thousand four hundred and seventeen, Augustus. They're in the Infidelity Room."

"Quite. A magnificent collection, Mr. Fane. Yet, as I was saying—"

I interrupted. "If it wouldn't be prying into family secrets, what is this Infidelity Room?"

"Marital infidelity, Mr. Fane, is the most prolific of all breeders of jests. Its progeny, in our modest little collection, fills a whole room. You know, the husband says, 'If I thought you'd been unfaithful to me, I'd kill myself.' And the wife says, 'Shoot!'"

That one caught me off my guard, and I smiled. Both Wheezies maintained their stoical indifference.

"All the way from that," Mr. Wheezie was saying, "to the one about the rooster that found a basket of gaily painted Easter eggs on the back porch and went out and licked the stuffing out of a peacock."

"Nice clean animal and bird stories are always popular, Mr. Fane," said demure little Mrs. Wheezie.

"Fish stories are good, too," I said.

"Yes," said Mr. Wheezie. "You must tell us one some day."

I edged toward the door.

"Mr. Wheezie," I sputtered, "what good would it do if I did? I might tell you the best joke in all the world, and you wouldn't laugh."

"Mr. Fane," said Mr. Wheezie, "a joke, to me, is no laughing matter. I am a radio gag man!"

THE END

"This time you get a ticket!..."

"THANKS!" said the trooper. "I'd give a *lot* to see that game—but I'm on duty, you know."

"On *duty?*"

"Sure—and it's my duty to tell you that these tires of yours are a menace!"

The girl clapped her hands.

"Oh, goody!" she laughed. "You're going to lecture me just like Dad. Come on, tell me to 'Switch to B. F. Goodrich'—or isn't that part of your duty?"

"That's not duty at all," he said. "That's pleasure—for both of us. You'll get more miles, and I'll have less work."

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"The sky is a chord"—A famous blind pianist tells of his universe of sound

My Private World

By Alec Templeton

☆ I CAN'T imagine life without sound. Night has a sound. Day has another sound. Happiness and sorrow have their own special sounds. So have concrete things, like the chair that stands in the hall or the massive table in the library.

Impossible, you say? Perhaps; but I can play you what I hear.

For instance, to me "the music of the universe" is not a grandiose phrase but a very real, a very actual thing. To me the sky is a chord; vast, immeasurable, without any beginning and without any end. It is not a thing that is struck; there is no such definition. It isn't major or minor; it isn't augmented or diminished. This chord has always been there and I can hear it any time I stop to listen.

The first time I can remember being vividly aware of things outside of my own personal hemisphere, which was bounded by the hedges of father's farm in South Wales, was when listening one Sunday morning to the chimes of the old church in East Cardiff. Even though I was only two at the time, nothing would do but I must get my hands on the keys of our piano and bang away until I could reproduce those sounds. That, I think you'd say, was my first imitation.

My mother says I played the piano before I walked. But then, I was slow in walking. I lacked confidence to venture on my own legs until my parents trained me with endless patience to memorize the world around me. Meanwhile, no sooner would my mother or either of my sisters rise from the piano than I would bounce down at it and play what I had just heard. At four I started composing—well, that's a generous word for it. At five I gave my first public concert, which the Mayor of Cardiff, brave soul, sponsored. At six, the family dolefully complained that I had become a musical tyrant, so roundly did I berate them for their mistakes.

It was not until I was nine that I had any formal education with other boys my own age. At first it felt tremendously strange, but, thanks to the boys, I soon lost this sense of difference. And so it has been ever since. There followed four years at the Royal Academy of Music and the inspiration of studying with such men as Sir Ivor Atkins and Sir Henry Walford Davies. Perhaps the teacher who had the most influence on my music was Ida Blagrove. I have always felt especially grateful to her for the sense of interpretation she developed in me.

I shall never forget the thrill of playing for the first time with a large orchestra. Cardiff was very proud of its symphony orchestra, and had a large concert scheduled. It so happened the conductor had not yet been able to find a soloist and was bemoaning the fact to mother, adding, "You know, Mrs. Templeton, how much I'd like to have Alec. But there's less than a week's time. No one could possibly memorize a whole score—"

"Please let me do it," I begged. "I can—you'll see I can. We'll get the phonograph records and I'll play the concerto tomorrow to show you!"

In that way I learned Beethoven's Emperor concerto and had the unforgettable experience of being part of a great orchestra when I was sixteen. Meanwhile, the opportunity had come to enter the magic realm of radio. And what fun! All the silly little impersonations I'd been doing at parties for the amusement of friends began to find a professional home.

Swing came to town. Seated one day at the piano, I found myself, right in the midst of a Bach fugue, slipping offbeat into the irresistible pattern of swing music. Why, they belonged! This was gorgeous! Out of that simple

slip was to come the number I wrote for that grand artist, Benny Goodman —Bach Goes to Town. Presently Grieg slipped, and out came Grieg in the Groove. Mendelssohn followed with Mendelssohn Mows 'Em Down.

For some time I had been visualizing a great symphonic orchestra that would embody all the elements of music from the classics to swing, all on the same tremendous program. Each time I thought of it, I added a new instrument here, a new effect there in my imaginary orchestra. Then one day I heard an André Kostelanetz broadcast. There was my imaginary orchestra come to life. Recently an ambition was realized when we met on my last trip to New York. We made a recording of the uncut version of George Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue.

The most curious thing about life is how much we owe to the little things. One night we were having a party, and I was doing a stream of musical impersonations. Jack Hylton, one of the best English band leaders, was there, and on the spur of the moment asked me to join him in the tour he and his band were shortly to make in the United States. Little did I know I was coming to a country which I would look upon as my home forever.

At this time I had the opportunity to check up on an impressionistic piece called The Pines. I had written it in England without ever having touched or smelled a pine tree. Friends drove me out into the country. I climbed out of the car, put my arms around the trunk of a pine, felt its rough bark and sharp needles, held the cone in my hand, smelled the wondrous tangy fragrance.

No, I didn't make any changes in the music; it had all been exactly as I had pictured it.

Many people seem amazed over the fact that sightless persons have their own special powers of perception. Of course we have; the law of compensation, you know. What seem to arouse the most interest are what I call my musical portraits of people. If I come across an interesting personality, I like to sit right down at the piano and play that person as I see him or her. Sometimes the results are unexpected. Once we met a fearfully gruff old banker of Toledo. The portrait of him that came to me revealed a rugged theme with a definitely tender strain. After I had finished playing it, the man remained quite still, but his wife suddenly burst into tears. "You've played him just as he used to be years ago," she sobbed.

Friends often ask if I have ever composed a musical portrait of my wife. Of course I have. To me she moves in music, being a musician in her own right. In the two years we knew each other before we decided to get married I must have thought of a hundred themes to describe her—all of them immensely inadequate. Finally out of them all one in particular took on form and substance. I use it frequently to sign off my concerts.

However, Julie's fine hand is to be seen in a work of far more ambitious proportions. She'll deny it hotly, but the fact remains I never got around to writing the symphony I dreamed about on lazy afternoons or in moments of high vitality until after our marriage a year ago. Happiness is inconceivable to me without the expression of it in music. The result was my first symphony, called Rhapsody Harmonique. It was played by the Illinois Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Izler Solomon. I can't begin to tell you the excitement of listening to your first symphony.

In Chicago we had the memorable experience of meeting Helen Keller. She asked if I would play for her. I inquired what she preferred, and to my surprise she said, Elizabeth's Prayer from Tannhäuser. With her fingers resting on the top of the piano, she "heard" the music through her hands. What a rich thing she has made of living!

In fact, those of us with a so-called handicap in life know how really wonderful people can be. I suppose this lifelong experience is the real source of what has been called my optimism.

Optimism? That's a small return for the inspiration and the love that has poured into my life from those around me. If through my music I can share with others the beauty and happiness that has come to me, then I shall consider myself the most fortunate of men.

THE END

WAR REFUGEES—MADE IN AMERICA

Continued from Page 13

rumbles into the barnyard and starts knocking down the corncrib.

On one new camp site in South Carolina, just a few weeks ago, the demolition squad arrived before the properties had been acquired by the army. Evidently the contractor, given a completion date which he must meet or be penalized, had been assured by the government agents that he could begin operations on a certain optimistically chosen morning. So, early that day, his tractors clanked down the road, wheeled, and knocked down fences and began pushing over trees. The farmers of the neighborhood rallied like the Minutemen at Concord bridge, and while some of them held off the indignant contractor with pitchforks and squirrel guns, others hastened to town to warn the federal agents that there would be shootin' trouble if the tractor gangs weren't ordered off pronto.

In its insistence to pay only for net real value, however, the War Department is imposing cumulative hardship on 99 per cent of all evacuated owner-operators as well as tenants. In the Southern fashion, the farmers with livestock build earth-covered storage pits for green fodder, to provide ensilage for winter feeding. There is no compensation paid for the ensilage, it cannot be moved because it spoils immediately upon contact with warm air, and for the lack of it the farmer will have to buy fodder—if he can—when winter comes.

Or take a couple of other random examples of the "intangibles" for which the government disclaims responsibility. There was a dairy farm on one site. The army refused to buy the cows, refused to pay compensation for their removal or the loss of weight and milk they suffered in moving. Finally, it would not add a penny to the price for the farm to compensate for the farmer's loss of market. So he sold his Holsteins to the butcher, and there are so many instances of such forced disposal of cattle that the price has been depressed out of all reason.

The same applies to farm machinery and household furniture. If you need a reaper-binder "combine," you can take your pick at a tenth of their value near any big army cantonment that is being enlarged.

Then there is the case of the farmer whose hundred acres straddled a secondary highway. He put up a gasoline pump beside the road a couple of years ago, and when the army camp was reopened this spring an operator of a service-station chain offered him $4,000 just for the site of his gasoline pump—less than an acre of ground. The farmer refused. He aimed to make some money and provide occupation for his sons selling gas. Along came the government, commandeered his whole farm, and paid him just $4,000 for the whole works! In vain he protested that he had refused as much for one acre and a gasoline pump. That, the War Department decrees, is an "intangible asset," and if the farmer wasn't satisfied, why, he could sue against condemnation proceedings.

Now, there is no actual injustice there. The case is cited as an illustration of "intangibles." In any farm worth the tilling, it is the intangibles that compose the real value. When the government makes transactions with power companies, let's say, the compensation is figured from such angles as the worth of a going concern, replacement values, and potential earnings—not the mere value of poles, wire, and machinery.

So what? This is no call to a crusade for the embattled farmers, because the victims of this extraordinary display of sharp dealing by a sovereign government are not squawking or appealing for pity. Let us call this report a salute to the too often scorned and ridiculed country yokel, who figures that *his* government, *his* nation is in trouble and if he can help, why, it is his bounden duty to do what's asked.

If there were more of the same spirit in the labor unions . . . !

THE END

BUG DOCTOR—Continued from Page 11

"If I hadn't fought against them, doc" —he smiled weakly— "I'd have gone out with them. And *you* said, doc, that I was going out of Glen Alder *through the door*—so I couldn't go over the wall—could I?"

The escape of any prisoner, and of a notorious one particularly, is the worst publicity a prison can have. It starts outside investigations of the institution's methods. Inside, it makes for bad feeling; every one blames every one else, from the warden to the least important guard. But the escape of Langdon and Terry seemed to have no such effect in Glen Alder. Both officials and inmates appeared to be impressed by the fact that Bill Thomas, a regular patient in the Psychiatric Department, had had the chance to "go over the wall" and had not only refused but actually tried to slow up two other men at the risk of his life.

All a feather in the cap of my department. Heaven knows it was needed.

☆ A DOZEN years earlier I had felt extremely lucky to receive the appointment to this prison practice. I would have the privilege of working in an institution directed by Ira J. Knight. Since this famous warden's first days at Glen Alder I had followed his penological career. His first official act, I recalled, had been to throw out the drab prison uniforms and replace them with neat, well fitting, self-respecting clothing in cheerful shades of brown and tan. This alone had caused a furor of adverse criticism. Yet he had gone on to establish a new kind of social order among his prisoners, placing criminals of all classes upon an honor basis and giving them as much freedom as is possible behind high stone walls. He had encouraged choral societies, dramatic and athletic clubs. He had engaged college athletes to coach the prison football and baseball teams.

Aware of these things, I arrived at Glen Alder filled with enthusiasm and idealism. But I was to be somewhat bewildered by my first interviews with the director of the prison hospital, Dr. Ephraim Hatch.

A tall white-haired man, he had devoted many years to building up the prison hospital. He told me wearily that for a long time he had stressed to the Prison Board the need of classifying the Glen Alder inmates scientifically; of establishing a Department of Psychiatry in which they could be properly examined and treated. Now, at last, he had gained his point.

I liked Dr. Hatch from the beginning. On my arrival he said, "Let me warn you—prison life is a strange life."

"You mean because it's a criminal population?"

He shook his head. "After men are in prison a while, most of them become very slick readers of human nature. Those of average intelligence will soon realize you are here to help them and, I think, will accept you gladly. But there are others—not inmates—who disagree with us, who aren't intelligent enough to realize, or who refuse to believe, that most men who have committed crimes are mentally ill—socially sick. These others are a majority. They will hinder you, never help you."

"But what about Warden Knight?" I asked. "Does he allow any one to interfere?"

"Perhaps you'd better wait," said Dr. Hatch thoughtfully, "to answer that question yourself."

He showed me with evident pride the four floors of the prison hospital. We might have been in any small private hospital, I thought. I noticed that the hardest faces softened whenever Dr. Hatch appeared. He greeted each man by name.

In the far corner of one ward I recognized a once famous banker. He had been given a surprisingly long sentence for embezzlement—ten to twenty years. He smiled wanly as Dr. Hatch came in. Obviously he had been quite ill. At our introduction he eyed me with interest.

"If you are half as clever at psychiatry as Dr. Hatch is kind," he said, "you'll do the prison untold good. You've got Dr. Wickett, the surgeon, to live up to, too."

Dr. Arthur Wickett, I quickly learned, was the most popular man on the prison staff. The grapevine often told how he sometimes turned wealthy private patients away from his office at the near-by county seat in order to devote more than his routine one day each week to the inmates of Glen Alder.

The other physician on the staff, Dr. Martin Dunn, was an elderly bearded fellow. I soon discovered that Dunn's surly attitude, his impatience with inmates, was due to chronic alcoholism. This weakness was an open secret. Sick men avoided him like the plague. Still, Dr. Hatch apparently hadn't the authority to get rid of him.

With the help of my one assistant, Dr. Bray, and several poorly paid clerks, I was confronted with an enormous job. Yet at the end of the first week, so great was my enthusiasm, my department began to function. I decided to begin my practice with the newest arrivals, men who had been at Glen Alder no longer than six weeks. These I hoped to save from sinking into a morose or hysterical resignation.

My greatest general problem was to keep imprisoned men properly occupied—mentally as well as physically. I wanted them to attain and retain a healthy interest in life.

Those first weeks I felt my way, hoping not to tread, unintentionally even, upon the toes of officers and guards. But I would have had to be both blind and deaf not to realize the antagonistic attitude taken toward me by the older men.

One day a call came to the hospital

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from the original prison for Dr. Dunn to treat an epileptic. As he was in his usual drunken stupor, I took the call—to find that my patient, recently arrived, was not an epileptic but a drug addict. There in the dark narrow cell he was going through the usual paroxysms. As I waited for the guard to unlock the cell door, I talked to him, tried to quiet him through the bars.

Suddenly an oath rang down the catwalk between the double line of cells. A guard stalked forward, stopped, glared from me to the addict in the cell. "We could handle dopes like him," he shouted, "long before any bug doctors came to this prison!"

Men in near-by cells pressed forward, listening. To uphold my authority I did the only thing possible under the circumstances, ignoring this impertinent interference, ordering another guard to transfer my patient to the hospital. Then, furious, I went to Dr. Hatch.

"I warned you such things would happen," he said quietly.

Surely Warden Knight could not realize that such a situation as this existed at Glen Alder! I must meet and make a report to him. For some time now I had been making attempts to meet him, only to be put off by the sergeant in the entrance hall of the Executive Building, who would tell me, "Just now the warden's too busy to see any one. Leaving for his lecture tour." Or, "Just now the warden's at work on his memoirs."

Who, I wondered, ran the prison at times like these? I asked Dr. Hatch. For a moment he did not reply.

"The assistant warden," he explained slowly, "known as the principal jailer, supposedly runs Glen Alder when the warden is away. Which reminds me, it's high time you saw him—for orders."

"Orders?"

"Just a kind of—of prison etiquette."

☆ THE principal jailer's office was in the Glen. The door to it was closed. I knocked several times before it opened. Framed there, stooping forward like an ape, was the largest man I had ever seen.

"So you're the new one, the bug doc?" He motioned me inside, pointed unsteadily to a chair opposite his. "Glen Alder inmates don't need to be bugged." His brogue thickened angrily. "When the b'ys go crazy we know where to send 'em. In my eyes, you're a waste of the taxpayers' money!"

He turned to two guards, introduced me to them. Then he leaned toward me, breathed heavily. An aroma of stale whisky filled the air.

"Ever work in prison before?"

"No," I replied. "I'm here for orders from you."

"Orders?" He seemed perplexed. "Know any orders for the doc?"

The guard addressed hesitated. "Was it, mebbe, about—liquor?"

" 'Zackly," said the P. J. "Doc, don't never bring no bottle in to any of the b'ys! 'S against rules! Tha's all. Goo'-by!"

As I turned to leave, his head was already forward, on the table. He had fallen into a sudden drunken sleep.

I had been at Glen Alder little more than a month when a series of attempted suicides occurred in that ancient, evil-smelling cell block known as the receiving station, where each prisoner must serve the first six weeks of his sentence.

The prison suicide type is commonly a "go-getter" on the outside—the successful salesman, for example. After the uncertain weeks of a long trial he finds himself in a dark cell, four by seven. His bunk, held in place by chains, is covered by a dirty blanket. A slop pail stands in one corner. To the man of this type everything is lost. His one thought is suicide.

The moment Ralph Jordan's blazing eyes met mine through his cell door late one afternoon, I knew his plans. He did not reply when I spoke to him, only shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. Before leaving, I gave orders for a special guard outside his cell.

☆ EARLY the next morning strange gurgling noises came from it. My orders had been disregarded. Jordan was unconscious when the guards arrived. He had torn a long strip off his blanket, tied one end around a rusty iron peg in the wall, the other around his neck.

His cell was empty when I arrived. The guard on duty said he had been taken to the principal jailer's "private cell block," a small wing recently built onto the back of the P. J.'s private office.

As I entered the new wing a young guard stopped me in the anteroom. "The P. J.'s on the warpath," he said.

I opened the new unpainted inner door. The room beyond was divided into five small cells. Outside the center one, his back toward me, stood the P. J. In the cell facing him, trembling from head to foot, was Jordan.

"Does 'oo want to commit sueycide?" The sneering voice chilled me. "Well, here's nice big ropey for 'oo!"

In rage the P. J. threw a long rope through the bars. An indescribable expression of agony passed over Jordan's white face as it fell at his feet.

As I closed the door, I steadied myself against it. Now I knew I *must* see Warden Knight. Whether he was in Hollywood or Timbuktu, I would go to him.

But this, I discovered, would be unnecessary. On my way out of the Executive Building the sergeant stopped me. "The warden is back," he said in a civil tone I hadn't heard from him before, "and invites you to seven-o'clock dinner at his house tomorrow night."

What were to be the "bug doctor's" impressions of Warden Knight, much publicized humanitarian? What light were other prisons' wardens to throw upon the state of affairs inside Glen Alder? Next week the doctor will tell you—and give you the dramatic case history of an imprisoned "lone wolf," a bootlegger and gangster.

Pictures you ought to see

By Howard Barnes

HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—
EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—
EXCELLENT

READING TIME
5 MINUTES
35 SECONDS

★★★★ DUMBO

The incomparable Walt Disney is right on the ball in his new feature-length cartoon. He's back with animals and goofy characters; with an animated train and the wonders of circus life. After his experimental but disappointing Fantasia and his haphazard Reluctant Dragon, Dumbo is a complete delight. For here's the sort of material where Disney knows all the answers. This is the sort of show where the medium of the animated cartoon really clicks.

The new show's a fantastic fairy tale. The chief character is a little freak elephant, with ears that drag on the ground. It's a magical creation, for Dumbo is both cute and pathetic. Far more than was the case with Pinocchio, the little fellow takes a hold on your sympathies until his final triumph over cruel adversities makes you want to cheer. The same eloquent imagery and soaring invention which made Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs one of the great movies of our time make Dumbo the best Disney picture since that memorable show. It is certain to prove irresistible to youngsters and to all adults who have not forgotten they were once kids.

The film runs through all of Disney's rich repertory of animated pictorial design. It opens in a blinding storm, with aerial messengers (storks to you) carrying a new generation to the animals in a circus. It has wonderful shots of baby kangaroos, giraffes, tigers, and hippopotami. There are colorful scenes of circus activity, including the raising of the big top. There's a weirdly exciting sequence showing what happens to little Dumbo and his friend the mouse when they drink too much champagne and see pink elephants, and even a boogie-woogie sequence when some solid sending crows discover the boys after their spree.

It seems that they're perched in a tree, which is no normal place for elephants and mice to be. Anyway, they discover that Dumbo's floppy ears, which have brought the little fellow one humiliation after another, make him fly through the air with the greatest of ease and the little freak becomes a world-famous attraction. Mixed in with the fabulous adventures of this fairy tale, adapted from the Helen Aberson-Harold Pearl book, are all sorts of satirical touches. The female elephants of the circus constitute a malicious little gossip circle. The ringmaster is a dim-wit in a fancy costume. The crows are caricatures of boogie-woogie enthusiasts.

While the tale itself is enthralling, the Disney technique is at its finest. The color is the best I've ever seen. The accompanying songs, particularly the pink elephant number and the crows' ditty about a flying pachyderm, are catchy. Disney and his staff of experts have hit it in Dumbo. Unless you're allergic to comic cartoons, you can't afford to miss this film.

(Walt Disney.)

★★★½ SUSPICION

It has become apparent that Alfred Hitchcock has a great gift for romance as well as melodrama. In Rebecca, you may remember, the early scenes were devoted to a haunting love story, before the fireworks started. He employs the same trick, but even more smoothly, in Suspicion. With Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine giving brilliant performances in the leading roles, the film is a stunning mixture of love and fear, idyllic happiness and tense tragedy.

Hitch, as the fine English director is known to intimates, has a way of getting right inside his characters in a film and revealing all the tangled threads that make for personality. In Suspicion he shows you a romance-starved girl, living in the English countryside, who literally throws herself at a dashing and impoverished scoundrel. Even when she finds out some ugly facts about the fellow, she goes on loving him passionately. He, in turn, gives her utter devotion, although he remains a ne'er-do-well living by his wits.

So vividly are these characters drawn in the Hitchcock direction and the playing of Miss Fontaine and Cary Grant, that the final chapters of the show have terrific melodramatic impact. The wife discovers that her husband is a thief. She starts to watch his every move, placing wrong interpretations on one incident after another. Gradually she becomes convinced that he has murdered his best friend and is about to murder her. There is a frightening intensity to the film, as piece after piece of a fiendish jig-saw puzzle drops into place and mere suspicion makes a murderer of an innocent man and reduces his wife to terror-stricken hysteria. There are likely to be objections to the happy ending. I think it's an improvement on the original novel by Francis Iles called Before the Fact.

Obviously it is the stars who make the film the absorbing melodramatic romance it is. Miss Fontaine continues her meteoric career triumphantly. With complete authority, she plays the loving wife who turns into an animal at bay.

There are other fine players in the company. Nigel Bruce is particularly good as the friend who dies mysteriously in Paris. Dame May Whitty and Sir Cedric Hardwicke play the heroine's parents as though they really were a provincial British couple. Suspicion is a strange combination of tender romance and savage melodrama, but one which you won't forget soon if you fall under the picture's spell.

(RKO.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—One Foot in Heaven, The Little Foxes, The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane.

★★★½—It Started with Eve, You'll Never Get Rich, International Lady, Honky Tonk, All that Money Can Buy, Hold Back the Dawn, The Devil and Miss Jones.

★★★—Skylark, Ladies in Retirement, The Feminine Touch, Smilin' Through, International Squadron, Navy Blues, Lydia, Dive Bomber, Nothing but the Truth, Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

THAT DAY ALONE, by Pierre van Paassen.

Probably a best seller, if that means anything to you. Van Paassen is the author of the popular Days of Our Years and this new one is very much along the same lines—stories and anecdotes of his encounters with ordinary and highly placed people in many countries illustrate his philosophic contemplations upon the present and possible future state of the world. Easy going. (The Dial Press.)

A DAY IN PORT—Continued from Page 17

He said quickly, "Oh, no. I've hardly touched a racket in five years."

"That's a shame. I've never seen you play, but every one says you're wonderful."

"You mean he was," said his wife, cutting across the compliment with a little laugh. Her voice seemed to be deliberately sweetened. "Colly's gone in for the side lines now. If you really want to get him interested, Miss Marsh, ask him about his orchids!"

It was double-edged. One blade of the remark was aimed at Della, the other at Vonelm. Della ignored it but Colly Vonelm seemed to forget his pleasure in having guests. He looked deflated, glancing almost apprehensively at his wife, as if wondering what was coming next. But she smiled at him, and he crossed to her side, as if beckoned.

So these are the great lovers, thought Margery uncomfortably. The butler came in with a tray of frosted glasses and she was glad to hear Bob Tonks' roaring enthusiasm over the famous planters' punch.

"Wasn't your husband with you in Deauville?" Linda Vonelm asked Della.

"Yes," said Della, "and that was the last time he was ever with me. It was the end of an epoch."

"Oh, I didn't know. I'm sorry—"

"There's no need to be. I remember that week with a good deal of pleasure. Hubert and I were all washed up but we both still liked tennis!"

She looked at Phil as she spoke and her glance seemed to say, That's the way to take such things—easily, openly. Don't be afraid of them. But Linda Vonelm did not smile. She changed the subject and she watched her husband to see if Della amused or attracted him.

If he had not stayed away from Della, the feeling in the room, already curiously strained, might have been worse. But Vonelm seemed to like Della no better than his wife did.

They lunched in an environment of cool serenity around a glass table centered with white orchids. But no one at the table was serene. Bob Tonks was relaxed but slightly sodden by the time dessert was served. Vonelm, with Margery placed beside him, talked constantly to her and left Della alone. But he never dropped his own wife from his attention. It seemed to Margery as if he couldn't or did not dare do so. He always was conscious of her. And from the other end of the table Linda Vonelm flirted with Philip and then with her husband and played them, one against the other, for no apparent stakes.

All Mrs. Vonelm's attitudes seemed practiced and old-fashioned and remembered, and, in contrast to her, Della, with her elbows on the table, making occasional witty remarks to Philip, seemed more beautiful and natural and vital than ever. Margery could see that, and she could imagine what capital Della could make of all this and how she would laugh at the old vamp when they got away. Now and then Philip would turn to Della eagerly, as if to be sure she was still there. All right, thought Margery bitterly. I can get other men too, if I try.

It was a relief to all of them when luncheon was over and they did not have to look at one another and pretend not to see the obvious. Coffee was served on an awninged terrace that surveyed the sea, and the company separated into couples.

"Where do you grow your orchids?" Margery asked Vonelm politely.

"You'd like to see them?"

"Ever so much."

He gave a curious expression of asking permission—or was it avoiding trouble? wondered Margery—as he told Linda that Margery would like to see the orchids.

"You're the perfect guest!" said Linda Vonelm lightly. "Colly starves for a public. He thinks I don't appreciate his orchids. And of course orchids to me are always at their best when they come from the florist—with no card!"

"Of course Linda's joking," Vonelm explained to Margery as they walked toward the arbors. "Linda loves all beautiful things. Like most women, she couldn't live without them."

"A lot of women have to," she said.

She could still see Philip and Della standing at one end of the terrace looking at the sea. Della's hair was blowing loose, her body straight and slim. She looked like an adventure, like what any man would want.

"Not you surely," said Vonelm. "You deserve beauty around you as much as you don't need it."

"Oh, but I do need it!"

"Sometimes it doesn't help so much," he told her. "Well, here we are."

They entered an arbor where lovely delicate rare blossoms were suspended from branches, grew in mossy baskets.

Vonelm's voice grew interested and warm.

"Look," he said. "This one will bloom on Sunday. It will be almost pure yellow. I'll have to be up early on Sunday."

"How you love them!"

His voice retreated. "Well, it's something to do. Silly hobby for a man, of course."

"No, it isn't. It's wonderful to have created so much beauty."

"I don't create it," he said in a kind of self-contempt.

"But you must. This setting for the orchids—this whole lovely place—didn't just happen."

He followed her glance toward the lawns, the groves, the distant sea, the beautifully balanced house.

"Yes, it's a pretty setting," he admitted. "Linda has done wonders with the place. She has extraordinary taste."

"She seems a very glamorous person."

☆ "ISN'T she?" he asked eagerly. He spoke as if he liked to think of that, wanted other people to see it and say so. "This is really her place, you know. She made it what it is. We saw this place one year when we were on a cruise, just as you are, and said we'd come back. And so we did, after a while."

Margery could imagine that first time the Vonelms saw it, when they were in love, making plans, defying the world. They said to each other that they would come back, just as perhaps Phil was saying to Della now as they drank in the beauty together.

"We have some grapefruit groves," he went on. "Of course there's no way of shipping most of the fruit now, because of the war and the blockades."

"You sound very detached."

"Well, what can you do about it?"

You can do something about winning the war, she was about to say, and remembered in time that he'd been forced to resign his commission in the army.

"I wasn't much good at fruit raising anyway. You see, I was in the army," said Vonelm.

"Some one told me that."

"Yes. I guess you wouldn't think it now, to look at me."

He straightened himself as he spoke. He looked—Margery saw it—out of uniform. There was a military look to his shoulders, a kind of click to his

THE AUTHOR

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING is the author of several novels and is well known to magazine readers for her short stories. She is of Irish descent, a Vassar graduate, and was a research fellow of the Russell Sage Foundation. She is married, a mother, and makes her home in Duluth, Minnesota. Active both politically and socially, she is tremendously popular with the women of her state and region and is very much in demand as a speaker before women's clubs.

attitude that made no sound. How he must hate being out of it now, thought Margery, with all that is happening. He should have stayed on his job. His first wife should have held him, if she had to dope his coffee. What's he got now?

But he went for the glamour girl and got her.

And if Phil goes for his, will *he* be raising some kind of orchids and looking bored and frightened in ten years? Will he be out of things instead of in them? Will I hold him, after all? And what will that fight do to both of us? What will be left?

She remembered she had not answered Vonelm.

"You look as if you'd had a very interesting life," she said.

"Well, that's right. We have. Linda and I have been nearly everywhere. But we like it here. We chose this place. Of course we're ideally happy."

The words were tired, habitual, perhaps believed. They made Margery sad. How many times he must have argued himself back to that same conclusion!

Suddenly she was afraid, not for herself but for Philip. Without his job, without herself, what would he become?

Like Colly Vonelm perhaps, stubbornly insisting to himself that he had made the right choice.

If I let him do it, it's only because I want my share of the spoils, she thought, and because I want, in my heart, to be like Della. To be like Linda Vonelm, if it comes down to that.

"Well," Colly said, pulling himself out of some thought, "this is about all there is to see. We'd better join the others. I don't know what Linda's plans are for the afternoon."

Linda hadn't decided. She asked Margery, still ignoring Della completely, "What would you like to do?"

Margery said, "Well, I've never been in Trinidad before and it's all fascinating. But do you suppose we could see the new airplane bases?"

There was a little pause. Then Linda said, "There's really nothing to see out there and it's probably the hottest place in the whole island. Hot and dusty. Colly and I think these bases have simply spoiled Trinidad!"

Della and Phil had come up. Della said, "I don't know of anything I'd rather do less, myself. It's too heavenly here. I thought we were going to have some bridge. We'll have to get back to the war soon enough!"

She was definite. She stood by Phil as if she owned him. She stood by him as Linda Vonelm was standing by her husband. Watching, with her own mind very clear, it seemed to Margery that she had been wrong in thinking there was such a difference between the two women. It was only a temporary difference in age, not the real one of purpose. They were up to the same game—to keep the men they wanted beside them, even if they had to make them give up their jobs.

"We can play bridge on the ocean tomorrow," Margery said, "and Phil will want to see the airplane base, of course. You see," she explained to Colly Vonelm, "Phil's firm has just begun to make planes."

"Well, then, of course," Vonelm began to agree.

"It's a very hot day, Colly," said his wife.

"Are you so fascinated by airplanes,

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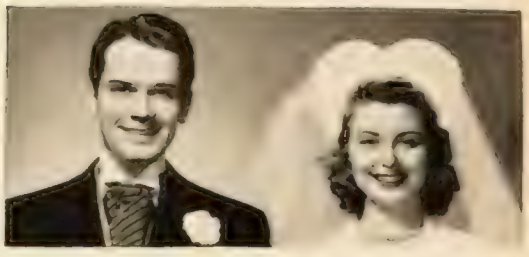

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Phil?" inquired Della Marsh lightly.

Margery was standing alone. She looked very firm, very unfrightened, and rather clumsy.

"I hate to break this up," she said, and what she meant was not clear, "but we only have one day here in port. And, after all, these are our defenses. If we didn't have them, where would any of us be?"

It sounded unsophisticated and almost like a child mentioning a simple copybook maxim. It was duty intruding in a room made for pleasure.

Phil answered, in a rather stiff way, "Well, Margery, if you're going to make a point of it, we can go out there by ourselves and not bother any one. I'll get a taxi."

"No—no! I'll get out the car and go along," said Vonelm. "You mustn't come, Linda, if you mind the heat. You and Miss Marsh can stay and have a good gossip."

"Oh, I don't mind for myself," answered Linda. "I was thinking of the rest of you, that's all."

"How about you, Della?" asked Phil.

She shrugged and laughed. "I'll go. There's something about a soldier!" she said teasingly.

Linda Vonelm looked venomous for a second.

It was hot. It was dusty. The faces of the men at the air base were deep red, deep brown. They stared at Della and at Margery, but mostly at Della because she was so white and so cool and because she looked at them. She charmed the young officer who acted as their guide when they had to leave the car, and shared her parasol with him, and he looked embarrassed and excited. But Philip did not seem to notice her success or his competition. He was asking questions. From the time the airplane base had come in sight, he had lost his sulkiness. He had forgotten Della for the time. He was the production man, the man who was seeing his product in use. He was looking under the planes, pulling up the seats to see the machinery, talking fast.

With him was the man who had resigned from the army, looking grim. And behind him, teetering a little as she tried to balance her weight on her narrow heels, was a middle-aged blonde woman who looked frightened. She would stumble and look to see where Colly was, what he was saying, and it was no woman of whom she was now afraid. She was afraid of life, of what she had done, of what Colly might find out.

To Margery it seemed pitiful. She had made her point, but now she was almost sorry that she had. It was hard on the Vonelms and it would only make Phil more miserable to see this. It would hurt him and do no good. For if I pull him back to the job, she thought, he'll be miserable, I suppose.

Phil turned. His eyes went past Della Marsh, with her attentive pilot and her parasol.

"Margery, look here! This is all our stuff. We made these parts out home."

Margery wasted no time. She hurried up to where he was talking to a group of workmen.

"Oh, Phil, how wonderful to see it in action!"

"You bet!" he said under his breath. "And we haven't started yet."

Della joined them. She said, "Let me see your homework, Phil."

"This." He pointed vaguely. "But of course it doesn't look like anything unless you understand what the rate of production has been and what it can be." He turned away from her and spoke to the soldier in charge of the base: "We're reorganizing our plant now. Then you'll see something. We can increase production a hundred per cent in six months. We're all set, aren't we, Margery?"

He turned to her instinctively for corroboration, and then seemed to remember what he had forgotten, for a queer look came into his face. He looked a little ashamed and worried. But Margery's eyes were steady.

"All set," she agreed.

"Well," asked Linda Vonelm sharply, "have you all seen enough?"

Her husband turned to her. No one of them knew what the other saw just then, the old ex-soldier, the frightened, shrill woman, the arrogant girl, or the young man and young woman who stood there regarding a job to be done.

Colly took his wife's arm. "Yes," he said, "I think so. Anyway, we've seen everything that's really important."

THE END

NEWS MAKES THE COMMENTATOR—

Continued from Page 19

Goebbels' remarks, if they mean anything, mean that he isn't averse to stealing the phrases of United States senators." That was a painless way of intimating that he thought Senator Wheeler's criticisms of the President were grist to the Nazi mill, but it was obviously not the sort of statement to which the Montanan could object.

Things like that give Indiana Elmer a lot of pleasure. They are his way of circumventing censorship. They increase his appetite and promote his circulation. When his comment on the Wodehouse broadcast from Berlin irked the Nazis and drew a German suspension of the CBS, Davis was gratified, if not elated. He likes to rub the Nazi fur the wrong way.

A former member of the New York Times editorial staff, a first-rate historian, an editor of the high-domed Saturday Review of Literature, and a Midwestern with a caustic sense of humor, Davis is one of the best equipped of all the commentators. From novel writing, radio has catapulted him into one of the handsomest salaries in the country. He says he was writing a serial when the news editor of the Columbia network called him up and asked him to pinch-hit for Kaltenborn, then in Europe. He wasn't enthusiastic, but his wife told him he might as well do it because he wouldn't think of anything but the European situation anyhow. He's been at the mike ever since.

Lowell Thomas isn't a man; he's an institution. He writes, lectures, does a radio commentary, provides the velvet voice for a newsreel, delicately hawks his large holdings of Dutchess County real estate, and makes a business of knowing every one of consequence in both hemispheres.

He delivered his lecture, With Lawrence in Arabia, more than 4,000 times at a tidy little profit of more than a million dollars. While that lecture masterpiece was still going strong, he pounded out a few new books in collaboration with his friend Prosper Buranelli, an old World man, and started the homely collation of anecdote, drama, and color material which is his radio program. Thomas doesn't have to write that. So familiar is Buranelli with his verbal rhythms that he hammers it out in their New York office and puts it on the ticker for transmission to Thomas up on his farm in Pawling, New York. Thomas makes any necessary last-minute changes and brings the material to life before the microphone in his private radio studio.

On the nights he stays in town to provide the running commentary for the newsreel, Thomas rushes to Radio City, is hurried into a waiting elevator, and tossed out at the studio floor with seconds to spare. The page boys idolize him.

In fact, Thomas is a man with a flair for human relationships. Below medium height, nattily dressed, stiff as a ramrod, darkly good-looking, he still gives no real measure of his quality until he starts to speak. When Thomas talks, people listen. He has a nonshatterable poise and a warm human sort of voice. People like him and he likes people.

On the air, Lowell is noncontroversial, mollifying, chucklingly appreciative of little gems of comic human interest, dramatic and smooth. He won't lead many crusades, but he won't lose many sponsors, and that's the trick of staying on the air at a comfortable salary. Other commentators come and go, but Thomas, at forty-nine, purrs on forever.

This man with the honeyed voice rolls up an annual profit of nearly $250,000.

The list runs on. There's Wythe Williams, a salty guy who set the radio world on its heels and has developed, in his years abroad, a fabulous personal espionage service, although how it functions only Wythe himself knows. Williams is a member of an exclusive organization known as the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, with a membership confined to boys who once pumped church organs and have now developed a fine sense of social tipple. He automatically made me a member.

THE END

Never an *Unkind* word

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

His voice rose: "A man who's worked all day is entitled to a little relaxation."

You wouldn't think it . . but even parents sometimes know a bit about being in love

BY CHARLES BONNER

☆ KIT MASON called three times from the window of her dressing room before Ralph replied. He was determined not to answer rudely, as he felt like, because the children were around. He had seen Sally's russet head bent over a letter in the living room, and Roddy exercising his new bicycle on the sidewalk to the prescribed limits of Cedar and Washington Streets.

He did hate to be shouted at from the house to his workroom in the garage when it would be just as easy for Kit to send Delia with the message across the intervening two hundred feet.

"Ralph—oh, Ralph!"

He was, for the present, oblivious to the fact it was a nice voice with a pleasantly singing lilt which had played a considerable part in Ralph Mason's capture nineteen-odd years before. His mind was now wholly concentrated on the fact that this was his Saturday afternoon, carefully put aside for setting up the complicated arrangement of rods, wires, and solenoids constituting the new switching machinery for the HO gauge model pike, which in turn represented his sailor's holiday from the position of general passenger agent at the third most important junction point of the D. & O. Railway System.

At the third call he resignedly laid down his soldering iron and with considered self-control called back, "Coming!" Giving a final wistful glance at the imposing layout of mountain grades and level stretches, the fine coverage of switchyards and the roundhouse full of motive power from camel-back yard engines to the largest Santa Fe Consolidateds, he left the garage and somewhat grimly headed toward the house.

Walking through Kit's small neat formal garden, he espied Roddy at the end of the block maneuvering around the big elm which established his boundary; and then, catching sight of his father, his dark head and furiously pedaling nine-year-old feet arrived at the front steps at the moment Ralph reached them. He dismounted.

"Got a sec, dad?" he said, struggling for breath. "I can give you some important inflammation."

Ralph stopped. "What is it, son?"

"I saw Sally kissing Alec Sanford."

Ralph absorbed the mild shock caused by this announcement. "That isn't very chivalrous, Roddy, spying on your sister," he said conscientiously, as part of his dominant obsession to be a wise and helpful father.

But Roddy was unaffected. He mounted his bicycle, pedaled, and rounded into the public sidewalk with arms folded.

Ralph considered warning him that it was near his suppertime, but he thought better of it in the light of what lay ahead. It was possible he might slightly lose his temper with Kit, or she with him, and it was a cardinal principle of their domestic organization that their children should be spared such demonstrations. Indeed, it was the only principle of their extremely successful union which had seemed so important as to require codification—and even before they were married.

"We must never quarrel," he now recalled his words of that afternoon at Pomona Lake when they had picnicked and made sober, exciting plans for the future. At the time it had seemed an absurdly academic statement, but he had had to make it. For he could recall, as the most desolate hours of his childhood, crouching beneath the stairs or under his bedcovers and listening to the noisy and sometimes acrimonious debates between his own father and mother. The fact that these storms seemed

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forgotten by them, in the full sunshine which made up most of their life together, did not compensate entirely for the misery the small boy underwent on these occasions.

"Of course not, darling," Kit had said to him with some astonishment. "Why should we? I never heard a single unkind word pass between *my* father and mother."

This revelation gave Ralph a moment of inferiority, and he concealed what he had been about to confess concerning his own. "Well, I mean," he said, "I think there's no sense in a marriage punctuated by fights, especially where there are children."

☆ RALPH entered the pleasant hallway and peeked into the living room. Sally had gone—probably to post her letter, undoubtedly to Alec Sanford. He stopped a moment to think that over with a pucker of concern which was not entirely worry. It was simply the honest doubt of a father that any young man was good enough for his daughter.

Nonsense! he decided, going up the stairs. He's a good, decent kid and brighter than most, and Sally has it bad. You can't do better than that. Her chances for happiness were above the average. Sanford was a promising young attorney in the offices of his father, Judge Sanford, the biggest lawyer in town. With this comforting conclusion, he stepped into Kit's dressing room.

She was at the mirror, removing the last traces of an egg facial, an indignity to her soft skin of which he had never seen the least necessity. Her thick midnight-blue hair lay about her shoulders, caught by a narrow yellow ribbon fastened on the top of her head with the inevitable and absurd Lilliputian bow which nevertheless contributed now to the lift he always got whenever he came from somewhere to discover her again. To complete everything, her dark eyes danced a greeting to him from the mirror, and he forgot what his recent annoyance had been about. That was, for a moment.

"Sorry to disturb your engineering activities, dear," she said, "but I wanted to warn you. You always make such a fuss when I don't give you enough time."

"Warn me about what?" he said cautiously.

"The Lydeckers, of course. You know we're to meet them at the Dutch Owl at six thirty for an evening of pub-crawling."

"I know nothing of the sort."

"Don't be ridiculous, darling. You've just forgotten. You answered the telephone yourself when Beth Lydecker called up last week."

"I doubt it and, if I did, I didn't know what she was saying. Anyway, I haven't the least intention of going. How many times have I told you I wouldn't stand for this—this informal gadding about? Dinners, teas, cocktail parties, dances—morning, noon, and night!"

Kit smiled into her lipstick rather infuriatingly. "If memory serves me, my love, you haven't danced in eight years."

Ralph's voice rose. "All right, all right! I've had to watch other people dance, then. And it bores me stiff. I won't be put upon at my age. A man who's worked hard all day is entitled to a little relaxation."

She turned from the mirror. "In order to play all night with toy trains? You know, my dear Ralph," she went on, "you have certain obligations. Just because you're an antique of forty-two, you mustn't be an antisocial boor."

"Oh—so I am a boor!"

"Please don't raise your voice. Suppose the children should hear?"

He stopped abruptly. That, he realized without resentment, was the control button Kit might always push.

He closed the door, then went over and rested his hands on Kit's shoulders. "We're awful old fools," he said. "I suppose what really annoyed me about the Lydeckers was seeing one of our dissolute Saturday evenings *à deux* chiseled into by some one else. But I'll go."

"I'm sorry, too," she said. "Sometimes I seem to act like a high-strung filly instead of a woman with a daughter who— Ralph, do you think young Sanford is all right?"

"Well, they seem to click. They seem to run smoothly together. I certainly hope they'll—"

Kit finished it: "I hope they'll be as happy as we have been." She laid her hand lightly on his arm, turned back to the mirror for a finishing touch. "I'm going to call the Lydeckers. I'll say you have a broken leg. Then we'll go on the town."

☆ ALEC SANFORD came to dinner the following Monday. In the living room afterward, while Kit was pouring the coffee and Ralph was lighting a cigar, Sally and Alec stood before them, not self-consciously but with an amused air of expectancy.

"Dad and mother," Sally said, "may we be engaged?"

"It looks as if you had settled that," Ralph said, rising to kiss her. He shook Alec's hand. Sally kissed her mother and Alec followed suit. It was a happy and optimistic occasion. After they had toasted the engagement in Napoleon brandy, Sally and her man went to the movies.

Ralph and Kit went upstairs at their usual ten thirty. It was a ridiculous thing that started the spat, as simple a thing as their common desire for Sally's happiness.

"Her wedding must be beautiful," Kit said. "I want her to leave here in a golden-and-pink-and-heliotrope glow. I want the day filled with more flowers and music and—yes—sentimentality to remember it by than a girl has ever had."

Ralph was thoughtful. "And champagne," he said.

"The male summing up of the whole poetry of the ritual," Kit said agreeably.

"You've got to have champagne at a wedding—to make it valid."

"Of course," Kit said pacifically. "Sally wants June. Now, my idea is to do the church in yellow roses and carry the theme out in garlands on the bridesmaids' hats. Then, for the reception here, we'll turn the garden into a miniature Versailles, and we can put a dancing platform on the south lawn and a bar in the garage—"

"Hold on," Ralph said, then more or less consciously counted ten. A bar in the garage? That was certainly out. He had a picture of a gay, slightly exhilarated mob ogling his model pike and fingering the switches and making politely interested remarks, all the time restraining a kindly amusement that a grown man should be interested in such a toy.

"Aren't we going a little too fast?" he said. "A church wedding and then a big reception here. Have you thought of the expense? Why not a simple, dignified house wedding and small reception with all the flowers you want—and a few bottles of champagne. After all, you and I—"

☆ SENSING what was coming, he lowered his head and dodged Kit's glare. "We had *our* simple occasion," she said with a slow emphasis which did not exclude a rising note in her voice. "I have a rosy recollection of my bridal day—standing up at midnight before a country parson with no collar! I won't have that sort of memory for my daughter!"

"Oh, trying to hang that idea on me!" Ralph said with real indignation. "You wanted an elopement. It was so romantic! If you want to know the truth, you were so anxious to catch—"

"That's too much! I—"

She halted, with a horrified stare over his shoulder. But he understood without turning his head. The door was open and he, too, had caught the sounds.

"Did you hear?" Kit asked in an anguished whisper.

"Yes. They've come in."

"They heard us?" she asked miserably.

"I'm afraid there's no doubt about it." He was putting on his shoes.

"Oh, Ralph, maybe we've ruined her life!"

"I'll go down and make some explanation. I'll think of something."

She kissed him. "Darling, good luck. I'm so sorry."

He patted her hand.

He went out and started down the stairs, desperately thinking. Some sort of joke, he would say. No, that was too vague. They had been rehearsing a scene from a play? Something they recalled from their amateur-theatrical days? Could he sell that?

He was shocked out of his thoughts. At the foot of the stairs he stood, rigid with horror, trying to disbelieve his ears. But there was no mistaking the sounds which came through the closed living-room door—Sally's clear, angry tones attempting to top Alec Sanford's determined, exasperated bass.

"Like the deuce you will! If you're going to be my wife—"

"Don't sound so possessive," Sally interrupted. "Women have the vote today, they're persons, or hadn't you heard? I'll take a job any time I want, come rain, come shine!"

"Over my dead body!"

Ralph, with a heavy heart, opened the door as gradually as possible. He did not know exactly why, except for some reason of giving them a chance—for what? He already knew the worst. A marriage couldn't be founded on such . . .

The door was open, and he confronted two flushed young people holding hands, holding hands rather defensively for all the signs that it was a maneuver hastily executed.

"Sorry to have disturbed you, sir," Alec said with somewhat forced promptness. "The fact is, Sally and I were just—"

"Don't say you were practicing a speech before a jury," Sally said. "Dad's too smart."

Alec grinned in a way that made Ralph regret the signs were against his becoming a successful husband and son-in-law. "It was on my tongue, sir," he said, "to say we were rehearsing a play. But I guess you won't buy that."

Sally evidently found something odd in her father's face. She reached out and patted it. "Don't worry, dad," she said. "We were just having a battle, a terrific one, one of a series." She incontinently leaned against Alec's shoulder and raised unethically devastating blue eyes to his. "But I love him, and Freud or some one says it's all right. In fact he says it's fine."

After quite cheerful good nights, Ralph went upstairs, thanking Freud "or some one" for his boon to human eccentricity.

☆ KIT, with suspicious moisture in her eyes, nevertheless raised a smile from the blue satin baby pillow Sally had made for her last birthday.

"You look as if you had seen a ghost—or a miracle," she said.

"I have," he said, sitting down on her bed. "It seems to be all right. They didn't hear. As a matter of fact"—he stopped and shook his head—"they were having a small blitz themselves. I should be a little worried if Alec turned out to have an ungovernable temper."

"I shouldn't be," Kit said, with disturbing traces of a smile at the corners of her mouth.

"What do you mean by that?" he said. But he did not listen for her answer. He was assailed by a sudden idea, the exact significance of which he did not at once grasp.

"What was that you used to say about your father and mother?" he asked abruptly. "You never heard them—"

"I never heard a single unkind word pass between them," she said, pulling his head down to hers. "I always wondered if they were sufficiently interested."

THE END

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A Little Learning

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

☆ FOR some minutes we had been waiting in the radio station's reception room, the tall stoop-shouldered man and I. Then a mother with her sulky-looking child passed through, and the little face was such a caricature of discontent that the stranger and I found our eyes meeting sympathetically.

I said, "Childhood is the happiest period." I meant it only as amiable inanity.

"On the contrary," the stranger said seriously. "No adult ever suffers as much as an unhappy child does. In all my hectic life, it seems to me I've never been really unhappy since the summer I was seven."

"Well, I suppose things become exaggerated when we look back on them," I said conversationally.

"Not this thing," he said. "This concerned me and my father. You see, I worshiped him. He worked in a foundry. He began working when he was twelve. Long before I went to school I knew he had great plans for me. . . .

"The first clear thing I remember was sitting on his knee and having him talk to me. I didn't know what he was talking about, except that he wanted to give me something he had never had. It was difficult for him to talk about it, and, young as I was, I realized there was some kind of deep terrible shame connected with it.

"When I started to go to school, my father heard me read my lessons every night when he came home from work. My little musty-smelling schoolbook was the only book in the house, and he was mighty proud of it.

"Well, finally we got to the end of the school year. The last day, I came home bringing a sealed envelope. I knew it said I had passed on to the second grade—I had never even thought about not passing—but I wanted to hear my father read out the wonderful words. I gave the letter to my mother and she put it behind the shelf clock.

"My father came home, his shining face ready for the good news. This was to be a big night in our house. My mother said a word to him and gave him the letter. I huddled on the back stoop, hardly breathing.

"'No,' he said. 'No. . . . Why, the lazy little scamp!' And he reached out the door and took hold of me.

"'So . . . you've just fooled,' he said. 'You had the chance and you wasted it.' His voice was almost sobbing. You see, what he'd always feared looked true . . . that ignorance is a hereditary disease.

"I don't remember whether or not he whipped me. I think physical pain would have been a relief. I can't remember . . . but anyway the whole summer spread out like a bruise from that night.

"'There's going to be no playing this vacation. You'll study every day, and when school starts again I'll take you myself and see if they'll let you pass into the second grade,' he said.

"It seemed to me our whole house had an evil smell on it that summer. It was the smell of disgrace. At night my father didn't sit out on the back steps any more. He didn't even want to talk to the neighbors.

"Every night when he came home from the foundry, before we had any supper, he took my book and listened to me read. Every night he squinted over the arithmetic he had written down for me to do. I guess the summer was even worse for him than it was for me. . . .

"Well, finally it was over. One afternoon, about two weeks before school started again, I saw Miss Pritchard, my first-grade teacher, walking along the street. She called to me. 'Hello, Georgie,' she said. 'I'm going to miss you this year. You're a nice boy to have in a class. But the second-grade teacher will need you.'

"I don't know how I got across the street to her. . . . I don't know how I told her.

"But I do remember that she came home with me. 'There's some mistake,' she said. 'Why, you were one of my best boys, Georgie!'

"We got there just after my father had come home. He was washing at the kitchen sink. Miss Pritchard went around to the back of the house.

"'Good evening,' she said. 'I've come home with Georgie. He says . . .'

"At the sound of her voice, my father swung around, and his face flushed scarlet as he recognized her.

"He said, 'I've taken it out of his hide. He's worked all summer and no mistake, miss. If you'll ask him questions, or give him some kind of test, or something . . .'

"'There's some mistake,' Miss Pritchard said. 'Of course the child passed. What else could you think?'

"My father reached up behind the shelf clock and got down the letter and handed it to her.

"She read it out loud:

"'"This is to advise you that your son may go into the second grade next fall. He has tried to improve his reading and writing, and I hope he will continue to improve." Why, that's all right,' she said, looking puzzled.

"'You see,' my father said huskily. 'It don't say he *can* go on. It says he may. Don't that mean that maybe, if you decide later on to let him . . . ?'

"Then his face was scarlet, for Miss Pritchard, in her young little voice, was explaining to him the difference between the words 'may' and 'can.'

"He put his hand up over his eyes, and I thought he was going to cry—right there before us all!

"'Oh, my God!' he said. 'That's what ignorance is. It's blindness and cruelty.' I went over and touched him. I wanted to tell him that it didn't matter, that it was all right now.

"He said, 'Listen, son. You can see what dumbness makes a man do. Even to his own little boy. Don't you ever grow up ignorant, Georgie.'"

The door opened and two radio executives came out, very disconcerted at finding the tall man waiting.

"Oh . . . Dr. Branson . . . we didn't know you had arrived. . . . You'll have to pardon us. The receptionist didn't recognize you."

They escorted him into some inner sanctum. I hadn't recognized him either, but now I did. He was Dr. George K. Branson, whose pictures I had seen in last week's newspapers because he had just been awarded the Christopher Adelson prize for "excellency of scholarship and originality of contribution to scientific research."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Why so many Business Men have the *Jitters* these days

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

"Obey the government at your peril!" . . The case of a paradoxical plight

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

☆ BERNARD BARUCH once wrote that during war "the law of supply and demand adjourns itself." That is sound experience and sound doctrine. Unfortunately, the alleged "law of supply and demand" isn't a law at all. It is a human habit. Our closest enacted aid to it is the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which exists to prevent monopolies from interfering with the law of supply and demand. It is enforced to maintain competition in the interest of the consumer. But it is definitely a peacetime law. It impedes, hampers, halts, and interferes with the efficient production of goods for the national defense. It ought to be adjourned.

Of course I'm not advocating that the war be used as an excuse for establishing monopolies in the United States. Nobody wants that. The point that I am raising in this article is that if our boys are to be kept in camps or maybe some day are sent abroad to fight, if as consumers we have to sacrifice comforts and necessities, if industry has to forfeit markets to concentrate on the national defense, then our laws ought to be adjusted realistically to meet the needs of the times. It is silly for one department of government to demand speedy production while another is doing everything it can think of to tie production in a legalistic knot. That is why we ought to shelve for a while the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which is about the worst imaginable impediment to the national defense.

Industry must be regulated by government in time of peace as well as in war. A capitalist economy cannot exist without competition. In fact, it is very doubtful if political democracy could long survive the establishment of monopolies in production and distribution. Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany are excellent examples of what happens to countries when monopolies control production and distribution. Ultimately the state takes over the monopolies and both management and labor become the slaves of the politician. Human freedom disappears. No one in his senses, therefore, would advocate any policies which would facilitate monopolies in this country. Certainly in peacetime it is essential that we watch our step.

But when war faces us and we are making rush-order preparations for the national defense, co-operation is required all around. Goods have to be produced efficiently and speedily and by a great many industries working together. They have to pool their knowledge and experience, and perhaps even their equipment. For instance, an outfit may have a secret process. It may be a patent or just a closely held secret. Their competitors have wanted it for years. Now along comes the army and demands the secret and gives it to four or five manufacturers and says, "Go ahead and make this thing." And nobody kicks, because it is co-operation and patriotism. Some agency of government—the army, the navy, OPM, or the lend-lease officials—often suggests co-operation among manufacturers.

Now, the difficulty is that that sort of co-operation may work out to be a combination in restraint of trade, and therefore, war or no war, the Sherman Anti-Trust Law comes along and says, "You can't do that." Or, more mildly, "You obey the government at your peril." That's why so many business men have the jitters these days. They don't know whom to obey and their lawyers can't tell them. A recent example is the Currier case, in which Mr. Hillman gave the A. F. of L. a monopoly in the building trades while Mr. Thurman Arnold threatened a Sherman Anti-Trust proceeding.

Take, for instance, any Priority Board. Its sole business is to restrain trade. It forbids a manufacturer making what he wants to manufacture and what he knows he can sell. It takes away from him the raw materials he needs. It now announces that it will force him to accept a government contract—even if it wrecks his business. All of this is in restraint of trade. But it is being done every day as part of our war preparation. Nobody stops to worry about that, because we want to get on with the job of preparing for the national defense. But government officials and business men know that all of this is in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and the business men in particular wonder what will be the end. Who will have to pay the penalty for saving the country in spite of the law?

Under ordinary circumstances, when the army or the navy wants something done, nobody quarrels with them about it. At present, however, a very large number of industrial executives are under indictment or under investigation by grand juries, and some of them have bad cases of jitters. They just can't figure out where they get off. In an attempt to ease the situation, OPM entered into negotiations with the Department of Justice and

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See it WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

got some concessions in a letter dated April 29, 1941. The idea is that if the work is being performed under the direction of public authority or is designed to promote public interest, and does not achieve private ends, the Department of Justice will blink at infractions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law.

That is just a promise. The question arises, what good is such a promise unless established by an act of Congress? That promise was made by Robert Jackson when he was Attorney General. Now he is on the Supreme Court bench. His successors are not bound by that promise. His successors can go right ahead with lawsuits. No official of the government can authorize a violation of the law. It is up to Congress to suspend or to change the law. We are still a government of laws and not men, although lots of people no longer see it that way.

☆ THURMAN ARNOLD is in charge of prosecution under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law in the Department of Justice. He has indicated his position clearly in an article in the Reader's Digest. I thought it would be interesting to pick a few of the cases he cites, to see exactly what the difficulties are that face American business men.

One of the most interesting cases involved Bausch & Lomb, manufacturers of optical equipment. Mr. Arnold points out that before the last war this company had a monopoly of the manufacture of military optical instruments in the United States. His complaint is that in 1921 it made an agreement with Zeiss, a German company, in violation of the Sherman Act. By this agreement Bausch & Lomb was relieved of any competition from the German company in the American market, in exchange for Bausch & Lomb refraining from competition with Zeiss in markets outside the United States. They divided the world between them.

No matter how this agreement affected trade outside the United States, obviously the American company was relieved of cheap German competition in this country and was able to supply the requirements of the War Department. If Bausch & Lomb had, for instance, gone to the wall, our army and navy might have become dependent upon the German manufacturers for these instruments, exactly as the British were dependent upon them.

Mr. Arnold says that under the agreement the Germans got the English market and that "thus we forced England to buy military instruments in Germany instead of here." Of course, one wonders why so great an industrial country as Great Britain did not make her own. And it would have been just as much a violation of the Sherman Act if the English market had been assigned to the American producer. The fact of the matter is that the best way for the American company, Bausch & Lomb, to put itself in a strong position to serve our national defense needs for optical instruments was to get for itself in peacetime a large enough market so that it could keep going.

The funny thing about Mr. Arnold's argument is that the principal offense against the Sherman Act in the agreement relating to optical instruments, as described by Mr. Arnold, was the exclusion of the German manufacturer from the American market. Yet, from the standpoint of national defense, this was the best part of the agreement. Suppose the Anti-Trust Law had operated to keep the German company in the American market, thus weakening the American manufacturers; to whose advantage would that have been? Obviously here is a conflict between the desire to limit monopolies and the need for strengthening American industries for the national defense.

Next let us turn to a commodity that seems to have attracted an extraordinary amount of attention—American drugs and chemicals. It will be remembered how, after the last war, when the influenza epidemic hit this country, we were short of aspirin, and what a terrific toll of lives that shortage took. Now, in the matter of drugs, Mr. Arnold's complaint is that "American drug companies have unwittingly been helping Germany. They agreed that if the Germans would not sell certain drugs here, the Americans would not export them to South America." Such is the agreement by which, according to him, "monopolies have hobbled defense" in the drug field. He says:

"It was the easiest way, because Germany had developed skills in making these drugs. But it kept us from developing our own skills."

Now Mr. Arnold admits that "our companies say they would have been unable to perfect the drugs unless they made this agreement giving away their rights to compete." What these American drug manufacturers actually accomplished was to keep Germany out of the American market.

You will remember how, at the outbreak of the last war, we had no dyestuff industry. The American dyestuff market was controlled by the Germans, who had "developed skills." They also owned American patents.

GEOGRAM

In the following sentences some of the cities are placed in the wrong states. Where a city is misplaced, give the state it belongs in and the capital of that state.

Starting from Hartford, Connecticut, an airplane flew first to Augusta, Georgia, refueled, and made a second hop to Baltimore, Ohio. After an overnight stay, the plane took off for Chicago, Illinois, and then in two hops made Sioux City, Idaho, stopping on the way for a short time at Cheyenne, Colorado. The flight was completed from there in two more hops, the first to Omaha, Nevada, and the last to Los Angeles, California.

(The solution will be found on page 56)

The Americans were just learning how to manufacture dyes and chemicals. The synthetic organic chemical industry was in its infancy. We were behind the Germans in this field, and if we wanted to develop our own drug and chemical industry, it was absolutely essential to keep them out because of their advantages in price and experience.

Our lack of such a chemical industry was one of our greatest handicaps in the last war. We were so impressed by this experience that for a period after the war the importation of synthetic organic chemicals was prohibited except in cases where a government license was obtained by the importer. We wrote into the law a high protective tariff, which to a large extent still remains on the statute books, in order to give American manufacturers freedom from German competition so that they, too, might develop the skills. As a result, today we can meet all comers.

When the American drug manufacturers made agreements to enable them to build up American production free from German competition, they may have violated the Sherman Act but they were promoting rather than retarding our national defense.

☆ EVERYBODY takes a whack at aluminum. Undoubtedly there is not enough available to manufacture 3,500 airplanes a month, which ought to be our present minimum. And so Thurman Arnold pitches into the aluminum business. He points out that in 1931 there was "a growing world surplus which threatened to invade American markets and disturb the monopoly control and price structure of the Aluminum Company of America." Thereupon, Mr. Arnold says, a Canadian affiliate called Aluminum, Limited, was formed by the American company, "thinking that it could escape anti-trust laws and also join with aluminum monopolies of other countries to prevent world competition by eliminating the surplus." So the world market was parceled out. The Aluminum Company of America got the United States. Its Canadian affiliate got 29 per cent of the rest of the world. The French got 21 per cent; the Germans 20 per cent; the Swiss and British 15 per cent each.

Add this up for the share of the market which this deal—which, according to Mr. Arnold, was in violation of the Sherman Act—gave to the United States, France, and the British Empire. The sum is the whole American market plus 65 per cent of the market in the rest of the world. It would seem to have been a pretty good deal for the purpose of keeping aluminum plants in the democratic countries operating at high capacity. Especially so at a time when, since the "growing world surplus" threatened to invade the American markets, there must have been a growing threat of loss of market for the production of the American plants. Certainly the way to build up American industry

"Crash Helmet" is standard equipment for crews which will man the 28-ton M-3 tanks being built for the U. S. Army by The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Eddystone, Pa. Before...

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so as to have it available for war production is not to flood American markets with foreign surpluses in times of peace.

Mr. Arnold states that the cartel members pooled their resources to buy up the world surplus and hold it off the market, and that world production was drastically limited. This, he says, was unsatisfactory to Hitler, who wanted to increase German production. According to Mr. Arnold, Hitler, in return for permission to produce unlimited quantities for use in Germany, agreed not to increase the exports from German factories. This, he points out, left the democracies free to pursue their restrictive policy without fear of German competition. It also, one would judge, left them free to produce and sell all the aluminum for which they could find a market not only in the democracies but in all other parts of the world where they had any markets before Hitler came into the picture.

He points out that "Hitler tripled aluminum production for airplane and war materials while the democracies stood still." Why did they stand still? Let William L. Batt, deputy director of production in OPM, and certainly the most New Dealish of business men, answer that question. He said:

"When we came down here last summer there appeared to us to be a very sufficient capacity of aluminum, either in existence or under construction, for any needs which might develop, and aluminum suppliers and consumers generally shared that opinion. We had estimated first that 800,000,000 pounds of aluminum a year would suffice both for the needs of defense and for ordinary civilian requirements—which capacity was reasonably within sight—but it was not long before that figure had to be raised to 1,200,000,000. That meant a further heavy expansion of the aluminum industry, and plans had to be made to get that expansion under way. But when the heavy bomber program was recently announced, that necessitated another revision, and the defense program is now aiming at a capacity of 1,600,000,000 pounds of aluminum a year—roughly twice what we had anticipated a year ago."

Failure to enforce the Anti-Trust Law by the Department of Justice certainly was not in any way responsible for the failure of the War and Navy Departments to adopt their "new heavy bomber program" a year earlier. Nor is it entirely fair to blame either the Aluminum Company itself or an agreement in restraint of trade entered into by Canadian, British, French and German aluminum companies years ago for the inadequacy of our defense agencies' early estimates as to the number of airplanes required.

Now comes Judge Francis G. Caffey in the United States District Court and declares, after a prolonged trial, that the Aluminum Company of America is not a monopoly at all. In the longest trial in history, the government had an opportunity to prove its case up to the hilt—and it failed.

And that is the gist of the matter. Until and unless we focus our minds and our industrial forces on this business of national defense, we shall continue the present confusions. We suspended the Sherman Anti-Trust Law to make the NRA possible. Why not suspend it to save the national defense? It simply does not apply to the current situation.

THE END

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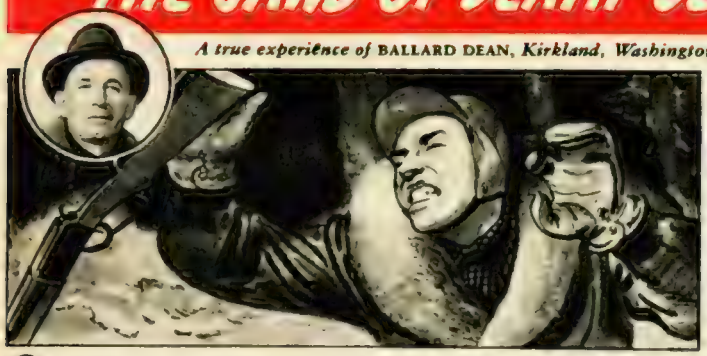
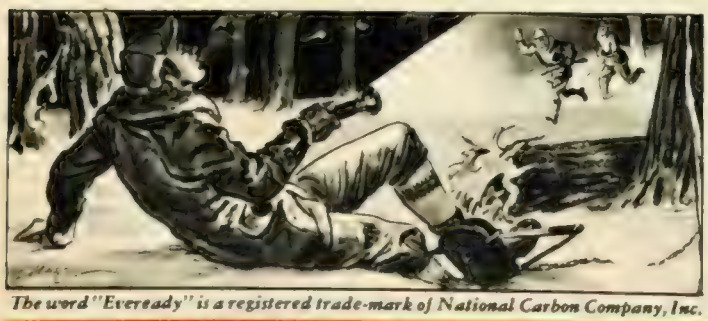


1 "THE THING sprang out of the earth one bitterly cold evening as I was returning to camp after an all-day deer hunt," writes Mr. Dean. "I suffered excruciating agony, as it bit into my leg. It was a bear trap, illegally set for deer.

2 "FRANTICALLY, I TRIED TO GET LOOSE as the cold knifed through my clothing. With sinking heart, I found my struggles of no avail. In a few hours, if help could not be summoned, I would freeze to death. Darkness came on...



3 "THEN I THOUGHT OF MY FLASHLIGHT. There was a chance that other returning hunters might be in the woods. Flashing the bright beam off and on, my efforts were finally rewarded. Thanks to those 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries, two men saw my signal and rescued me from that death trap.

(Signed) Ballard Dean"

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Are Football Coaches *Overrated?*

Most gridiron geniuses are myths says one who knows them well!—Do you agree?

BY EDDIE DOOLEY
FOOTBALL EDITOR OF LIBERTY

☆ IT isn't modesty that makes a winning football coach blush when the local Chamber of Commerce honors him with a dinner. Rather is it the deep-rooted knowledge that the tribute belongs not to him but to one or more of his players.

Coaches ride to fame on the backs of elusive carriers and on the broad shoulders of destructive, hard charging linemen. Behind every famous gridiron maestro of this or any other season stands the shadow of the boys who had what it takes. Fritz Crisler of Michigan had his Harmon last fall. Homer Norton of Texas A. & M. had his Kimbrough. Major Bob Neyland of Tennessee had his Butler. Clark Shaughnessy of Stanford had his Standlee. And Jim Crowley of Fordham had his Eshmont. Without such players these teams would have been well coached but they would have lacked that surge of power and wealth of confidence that gave them a decided edge over their adversaries. Good material plus one exceptional player are the requisites a coach must have if he is to produce.

Coaching geniuses are a myth. The proof of this lies in the fact they are never found where there is a dearth of talent. Transplant them to fallow soil and they wilt quickly. What differences exist among coaches are chiefly in the realm of personality. Some are dynamic, persevering, convincing, and aggressive. Others are retiring, gentle, passive, and amiable. Not a few are phlegmatic, slow-witted, and unimpressive.

As a group they are wholesome, intelligent, and above average.

At a big football party in Chicago last fall, a moleskin wag hit the nail on the head by facetiously remarking, when asked the difference between Crisler and Zuppke, that it was Harmon. Had the little artist from Urbana had the triple-gaited Wolverine to carry the ball for him, he would have set the Western Conference on fire. He did it when Red Grange was carrying the mail for him, and he could do it again.

That the deeds of coaches are given undue importance and colored beyond all reason can be attributed to hero-worshiping sports writers. Let any mentor of a representative institution win six or seven games in a row, and he suddenly takes on the cloak of genius. Headlines sing his praises. University and Rotary Clubs seek him as a guest. Syndicates sign him for a column. The youth of the country idolize him. That's the way it was last year with genial Carl Snavely, Cornell's capable coach. The Big Red team was rolling in high gear. It had not been beaten in two years. Wherever Snavely went he was honored. Not only had Cornell swept through the best opposition the somewhat decrepit Ivy League had to offer, but it had gone out of its class and whipped Francis Schmidt's powerful and well manned Buckeyes. Twice in as many

starts Cornell had smashed the Columbus team to pieces.

For an Eastern outfit, especially an Ivy League team, to beat Ohio State was regarded by Columbus' downtown quarterbacks—of whom there are admittedly thousands—as flagrant insult. There was no excuse for it. But Snavely, always a gridiron iconoclast, shattered in one fell swoop all the old notions about Western Conference supremacy, and in doing so he placed the moth-eaten banner of the Eastern circuit on a new pedestal.

Small wonder that he was the rage of banquet tables from Ithaca to Williamsburg! Sports writers waxed sloppily sentimental over his accomplishments and wrote Rover Boy essays on his character and wisdom.

Then came that dreary gray late autumn afternoon when Cornell met Dartmouth at Hanover. Quick thinking Earl Blaik, now coach of Army, had figured out a new, unorthodox way to tie up Cornell's carriers. Cornell couldn't decide what was wrong with its attack, and Dartmouth won. Yet the Big Green team was only an average eleven that probably would have been shellacked by Ohio State, as well as by a dozen other teams. That defeat relegated Snavely to the category of good rather than phenomenal coaches.

☆ THE case of Leo R. (Dutch) Meyer of Texas Christian University is one for the book. In 1938 he had a team that was properly hailed as one of the greatest collections of football talent ever seen in the Southwest. It fought its way through an arduous campaign without a setback. Meyer's praises were sung everywhere. He was the greatest coach ever.

So what? So the very next season Meyer, the wizard, saw his team get smacked down in four early games. Then it beat a mediocre outfit, but it went on to drop three more games in four subsequent starts.

Enthusiastic Horned Frog admirers closed their eyes and wanted to scream, They should have known that it wasn't Dutch's fault. The blame should have fallen on little Davy O'Brien, the sharpshooting aerial artist whose precise pegging had piloted his team to its eleven successive victories of the previous season. Davy committed the unpardonable sin of permitting himself to be graduated. And along with him went several herculean linemen. Time and again, back in 1938, Meyer tried to tell his adoring public that his success was not due to his efforts alone; that O'Brien had something to do with it. But no one would believe him. Last year Texas Christian flopped badly again, since material was inadequate.

Look over the career of any coach in the game, from Bernie Bierman of Minnesota to Dana Bible of Texas, and you will find the same story: successful when high-calibered material was present, and mediocre otherwise.

Personable Lou Little, Columbia's mentor, as hard-working a coach as can be found, saw his star wane when the blight struck some years ago. Little did a great job when he gave New York its first and only Rose Bowl team back in 1934, but no one will deny that Cliff Montgomery, Al Barabas, Tony Matal, *et al.*, were pretty good football players. Since that Rose Bowl triumph Little has been fighting an uphill battle. His team, until last year, went from bad to worse. The season before last his boys won two games out of eight, Virginia Military Institute and Navy being the victims. In that campaign Columbia lost to Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and Tulane, and was tied by Army and Colgate. Last year it did better, thanks to improved sophomores.

Columbia University doesn't mind defeats. It is colossal, affluent, and primarily academic. It knows that if Little can't produce a winner at Baker Field, neither could any one else. Yet were Little coaching at almost any other institution, the students and alumni would have been on his neck long ago, yelling for a winner or else. They believe because a coach had a winner one season he can have one the next, forgetting that the personnel of the team changes materially from year to year.

The deification of the successful coach has taken place not only because of football writers but because the public likes to center its faith and loyalty on one man rather than a group of men. A team changes, but the coach is always the same person. He is like a label on a medicine vial that reads either "Beneficial" or "Poison." Once a coach is tabbed "poison," he may as well pack his trunk and buy a railroad ticket. Not long ago a big Pacific Coast university formed "Can the Coach" clubs and printed banners using those words.

That is why the smart coach who has an opportunity to accept a new job usually chooses exactly the right moment. He signs up at a time when most of the best players of the old regime are due to move out of the picture via graduation. He brings with him a flock of good players from high schools and prep schools. The first season's efforts are not important to him, because the students and alumni labor under the absurd delusion that it takes at least a year to install a new system. Any football system, even the most complicated one, can be adequately installed in three weeks, provided the material is there. Frank Leahy proved that at Boston College, and so did Shaughnessy at Stanford last year. Invariably, however, it takes a year if everything depends upon the new material, not yet eligible for varsity competition.

When Fritz Crisler went to Princeton, he was fortunate enough to take over just when a new crop of talented youngsters were blooming into varsity material. For several years his teams were tops. Crisler similarly was lucky when he went to Michigan. Carl Snavely had a like experience at Cornell, and the result was that he had an unbeaten team for more than two years. Neither Snavely nor Crisler will be as successful this year. Cornell lacks experienced man power and Michigan lost Harmon and Evashevski.

Andy Kerr, the football grandee of the Chenango Valley, home of Colgate University, is one of the most respected mentors in his field. Under his tutelage Colgate jumped from a second-rate football power to a first-class eleven. But in 1939 his team lost six out of eight games, and last year was pretty bad. As though at a signal, the anvil chorus started. This year, fortunately for Andy, he has material to burn.

The case of Dick Harlow of Harvard is typical. No one will deny that Harlow is a fairly good coach. Eight years ago he turned out an undefeated eleven at Western Maryland. But at Cambridge two years ago, due to a dearth of material, his club dropped four major games. Last year Harvard was mediocre but did all right in the late season. And yet, if you gave an unsuccessful coach like Harlow the kind of man power Coach Neyland worked with at Tennessee or Schmidt had when he was at Ohio State, he would give you a team that would be virtually unstoppable.

☆ THAT one man will supply the spark is axiomatic. Nile Kinnick of Iowa spelled out the difference between greatness and mediocrity for the Hawkeyes two years ago. Franck made Minnesota the team it was last year, as Reagan made Penn. Sid Luckman saved Columbia from football oblivion for several years in succession.

Not all good coaches have good teams. Benny Friedman, coach of City College, unquestionably is good, yet he has never turned out a team at the New York institution that had even the vaguest signs of greatness, and he never will. Dr. Marvin A. Stevens, head coach of New York University, has come up with a crack eleven in the past, but in recent years his elevens have not been very good. The same can justly be said of Herb Kopf of Manhattan, a splendid coach; Bob Zuppke of Illinois; and half a hundred more. These men cannot fashion winning teams with the players they get. At Illinois, certainly it isn't Zuppke's fault that the team hasn't captured a Conference crown in some years.

Last year, after Michigan's powerhouse had steam-rollered Illinois under a 28 to 0 score, some one asked Zuppke what he thought of Crisler's team. "Pretty good team," he said; and added, "but if Michigan will lend us Tom Harmon for the afternoon we'll beat 'em worse than they beat us."

THE END

GEOGRAM SOLUTION

Baltimore is not in Ohio, but in Maryland; capital, Annapolis. Sioux City is not in Idaho, but in Iowa; capital, Des Moines. Cheyenne is not in Colorado, but in Wyoming; capital, Cheyenne. Omaha is not in Nevada, but in Nebraska; capital, Lincoln.

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ THE way some officers return the salutes of enlisted men is a disgrace. I've seen them range from a thumb on the nose to the French palm salute, in return for a perfectly executed hand salute. Take it from me, an officer loses the respect of his men when he's careless about saluting. The salute is a privilege.

Pfc. G. G. P.,
Schofield Barracks, T. H.

Anything I could say is better said in a letter from Lieutenant Colonel W. F. Hamilton of Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Take it away, Colonel.

"The average civilian seems to assume that saluting is an act of servility. As a matter of fact, the salute is the grand hailing sign of the honorable fraternity of men at arms. Only members in good standing are allowed to give or to receive it. Prisoners are not allowed to salute. An officer under arrest or in disgrace is not allowed to receive the salute. Enlisted men do not salute each other for the simple reason that there are too many of them and that they are thrown together constantly. The fact that the junior salutes first is a mere detail. One has to give the sign and the other has to answer it. I regret that present regulations do not require saluting when off a military reservation or when either party is in civilian clothes. As a matter of fact, old soldiers habitually ignore this new provision. It warms my heart when, on a city street or in civilian clothes, a soldier recognizes me with a snappy salute. We may pass without a word, but, as if by a mystic sign, we have set ourselves apart from those who have not been initiated into our lodge."

I have completed six months of active service with this organization. However, I had already completed a three-year enlistment in the United States Coast Guard. I have been informed that, according to a recent law, all men having had over one year's service in the United States armed forces are to receive a monthly increase of $10. I have not received this increase. Can you throw any light on this matter?

Pvt. W. L. G., Fort Bragg, N. C.

Your source of information about the "recent law" must have thrown more heat than light on it. Let me straighten you out. The additional pay of $10 a month for each month of service in excess of twelve is not retroactive in the sense of applying to separate, prior service such as you had in the Coast Guard.

In a recent issue you asked for more letters from the Navy. Here's one. Maybe many of us sailors don't realize that your page is for all service men and not just the Army. Anyway, they outnumber us by quite a few. I've just finished eight months' training at the Naval Base at San Diego and, after a fifteen days' leave granted to all graduates of specialist schools, I'll go to sea.

Although I haven't tasted salt yet, I can tell you this much about This Man's Navy. It's one swell organization. The chow is grand and the pay is good and the chances for a rating are excellent at this time. O. K., Sarge?

R. V. A., San Diego, Calif.

O. K. is right, sailor. You sound fine and dandy and I hope you like your next sixty-four months as well as you did the first eight. The type in the upper right-hand corner of this page means just what it says and the page belongs to the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard as well as the Army.

Me and a million and a half other men would like to know whether there's any truth in a rumor which greeted us when we got back from maneuvers. Are cigarettes going to be sold us tax-free like in the Navy? You can't know everything, Sarge, but????

Pvt. S. M. D.,
Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Unlike most rumors, there happens to be some basis for this one. You may have tax-free tobacco even before this gets into type. Representative Merritt (New York) has sponsored a bill to "exempt from Federal tax all tobacco, snuff, cigars and cigarettes sold at or upon military, naval, Marine Corps or Coast Guard posts, stations, camps, reservations or vessels to personnel of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard in uniforms," and I bet it will become a law before many weeks. If so, you'll be getting your smokes for about half what you pay now. Some fun, eh, kid?

Will you settle an argument regarding military usage of the word "troop"? My bunkie says that a troop is "a unit of cavalry, corresponding to a company of infantry, and commanded by a captain." O. K., but I say he's wrong when he also speaks of "twenty thousand troops," meaning twenty thousand individual soldiers. Can one man be a troop all by himself?

M. E. H., Fort Hayes, Ohio.

Your bunkie is right in his definition but wrong in his usage. An individual soldier is a trooper, not a troop. "Troop" is a collective noun, generally used in the plural, although old Shakespeare, in Othello, says, "Farewell the plumèd troop." Even a metropolitan newspaper uses a headline, "16,000 Troops Cross New York Area," but that is as incorrect as your bunkie is.

So far, I haven't noticed any complaints from the boys at Fort Douglas or in the Air Corps stationed here. There shouldn't be—about girls, anyway. This is one town where the girls outnumber the boys and Salt Lake is noted for its beautiful girls. In order to attend the Air Corps dances now, a girl has to put in her reservation ahead of time and furnish character references. The girls that attend regularly are given preference and there is a long waiting list. If a girl asks a soldier out to her home for Sunday dinner, he thinks she is out to hook him and firmly refuses the invitation. So what's a poor girl to do?

Miss P. F., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Well, men, what do you think of *that* one? All I can say to those poor, poor men stationed near Salt Lake City is, "Look out that too many cooks don't spoil not only the broth but also the cop on the beat."

"Well, think of something! We can't stay here all day."

40 ANSWERS

by JACK LAIT

to his questions on page 25

1—Sarah Bernhardt.

2—Harry Lauder—$5,000 a week, and no Sunday performances.

3—Irving Berlin, accompanist for Emma Carus; Harry Richman, accompanist for Mae West.

4—Tillie Losch married the sixth Earl of Carnarvon, son of the discoverer of King Tut's tomb; Adele Astaire (Fred's sister) married Lord Charles Cavendish, son of the Duke of Devonshire, one of England's richest heirs; Roselle Roland married Baron Jean Empain of Belgium, whose income before the war was $10,000,000 a year.

5—Sophie Tucker.

6—Singer's Midgets.

7—Courtney Sisters, Duncan Sisters, Dolly Sisters, Fairbanks Twins, Lee Kids, Williams Sisters (Hannah is Mrs. Jack Dempsey), Millership Sisters, Cherry Sisters, Hylton Sisters (Siamese twins), and the Russell Brothers. Yeah, the Russell brothers did a famous sister act—two Irish servant girls.

8—McIntyre and Heath, Gallagher and Shean, Duffy and Sweeney, Clark and McCullough, Montgomery and Stone, Moran and Mack, Williams and Walker, Weber and Fields, Arnaut Brothers, Abbott and Costello.

9—Four Cohans, Four Mortons, Six Musical Cuttys, Four Marx Brothers, Five Dancing Fords (Johnny married Eva Tanguay), Eddie Foy and Family, the Dancing Mosconis, the Keatons (with Buster as a child comedian), Five Columbians (with Marilyn Miller as "top-mounter," meaning the lightest one of a troupe, who takes the top spot in the final formation; the heaviest, who forms the base, is called the "understander," who was Marilyn's father).

10—Jesse Lasky was a trumpeter in B. A. Rolfe's vaudeville brass band.

11—Walter Winchell.

12—Nominal salary paid in outlying theaters where acts try out or "break in" new material.

13—Burns and Allen, Fred Allen, Jack Benny, George Jessel, Ben Bernie, Ed Wynn, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields, Joe Penner, Phil Baker, Myrt and Marge, Frank Fay.

14—Joan Blondell.

15—Tony Pastor, who had been a music-hall ballad singer and remained so in his own theater long after it was an enormous success.

16—Jack Dempsey.

17—She smoked a cigarette.

18—In a cabaret in the basement of the Saratoga Hotel in Chicago, at sixteen, doing an impersonation of Harry Lauder and singing a juvenile song, Blind Pig. Her next stop was big-time vaudeville.

19—Sir James Barrie's The Twelve-Pound Look.

20—Charlie Chaplin.

21—Bryan Foy. Gallagher and Shean presented him with a silver cigarette case and their thanks.

22—Woodrow Wilson.

23—Nat Wills and Joe Jackson.

24—British actors first formed a union, meeting secretly around the Whitechapel docks and calling themselves the Dock Rats. This name was adopted by an American union of vaudeville actors, most of whom were headliners, and their symbol was a white enameled rat; rats, spelled backward, reads S-T-A-R.

25—(*a*) Annette Kellerman; (*b*) Ed Wynn; (*c*) Barbara Stanwyck; (*d*) Sophie Tucker; (*e*) Ruth St. Denis; (*f*) Lila Lee; (*g*) Elsie Janis; (*h*) Grace La Rue; (*i*) Julian Eltinge; (*j*) Marie Dressler.

26—He talked German. He said very clearly, *"Ich will Kuchen"* ("I want cake"). Loney Haskell, his announcer, would then observe, "That makes him a Sam Bernard."

27—George M. Cohan. He is being played by Jimmy Cagney.

28—Fritzi Scheff, who plays New York vaudeville theaters every year during the week including February 1, the birthday of the late Victor Herbert, when she features Kiss Me Again, which she originated in his operetta, Mdlle. Modiste.

29—Music halls. They play two performances each night, no matinees.

30—An act before the main curtain. As scenery hangs, there are four entrances between the front and back of the stage; the first, in front, is "one." There must be acts "in one" to permit changes of scenery and set-up of furniture, etc., behind the curtain for acts playing in "two," "three," or "four."

31—Kate Smith; eleven weeks. That record got her a tryout in radio.

32—Joe Cook; Ted Lewis.

33—The little village of Vau-de-Vire (valley of the Vire), in Normandy, for generations turned out strolling troupers who developed specialties.

34—Ed Sullivan, Arthur "Bugs" Baer, Harry Hershfield, Bob Ripley, Heywood Broun, Milt Gross, Jimmie Fidler, Louella Parsons, Henry Clive (he was a magician), and, of course, Walter Winchell.

35—Marcus Loew, the vaudeville magnate, owned control of M-G-M. "Loew" in German means lion.

36—Eddie Dowling, who last season presented Maurice Evans in Hamlet.

37—A tabloid.

38—Ten. Twenty-two, when Hammerstein's had a "war" on with the Keith houses. Five.

39—Fred Astaire, Mae West, Walter Huston, Simone Simon, Eddie Cantor, George Raft, Ruby Keeler, Jack Benny, Eleanor Powell, Joe E. Brown, Marlene Dietrich (in Europe).

40—William Joyce, the Nazi Lord Haw Haw.

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LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ WANT to train your speaking voice? Start by humming the M sound, *mmmmmmm,* and the N sound, *nnnnnnn,* high up in your mouth, right behind your ears. Then say *more, Maine, mind* with your throat wide open. Pronounce the Ms and Ns as clearly as you can. Over and over repeat *Daffydowndilly* and *tit for tat,* snapping out each D and T with emphatic precision. Perhaps you'd better practice down cellar or in some vacant lot; otherwise your family might go crazy. . . . I hand these suggestions on to you after a recent talk with Elisabeth Ferguson von Hesse, to whom Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt went for voice-control training four years ago. Lowell Thomas is another von Hesse graduate. Big department stores, banks, insurance companies have had their entire personnel voice-coached by Mrs. von Hesse. Several stores report sales increases around 33 per cent following a three-month vocal course given to girl employees who answer phone calls from customers. . . . As a rule, Mrs. von Hesse is sorry to tell us, men can be taught voice control more easily than women. She warns us particularly to beware of the mumbling habit, which is nothing but vocal laziness. "Indistinct, unattractive speech ruins many a career," she says. "It bores people. It tires them. Subconsciously they resent the nuisance of a sloppy talker." . . . Now here's a straight beauty argument: If you talk without moving your upper lip, sooner or later you'll spoil that rosebud shape!

☆ BORN in Iowa, Elisabeth Ferguson von Hesse is the daughter of a Methodist clergyman from Scotland. She was a concert singer before specializing in speech instruction. . . . A young lady once came to her saying, "I've fallen in love with a congressman but he doesn't know it yet. I overheard him remark that he wouldn't marry any girl who didn't have a beautiful speaking voice. Please teach me, and please keep it a secret." . . . Mrs. von Hesse did a thorough job. Some time after the wedding she met the political husband at a dinner party. He said, "I understand you are interested in voices. Have you noticed my wife's fine speaking voice?" Mrs. von Hesse said yes, she had.

☆ A TURFMAN accuses women of being responsible for most of the silly names bestowed on race horses. He says: "Owners and trainers let their womenfolk name the colts. From whimsey the women select such undignified names as Pardon Me, Silk Socks, or Like a Dream." . . . I resent this slur. As a lifelong respecter and lover of horses, I believe women are just as sound as men in appreciation of equine dignity. If any of you girls were asked to name a race horse—what would you name it?

☆ NOVEMBER 20 will be Thanksgiving Day in some states; in others the traditional last Thursday, November 27, will be celebrated. If you intend to feast both occasions, why not have a small party first, then your big family spread a week later—or vice versa? For the Little Thanksgiving dinner try this *Guinea Hen Roasted with Quinces.* With it serve a sweet-potato casserole and a green salad. Mince pie for dessert. The following recipe makes enough for 4: . . . Buy a guinea hen prepared specially for roasting, and lard the breast well with a fat slice of pork. Rub inside of hen with salt and powdered ginger. Put a whole apple, peeled, inside the hen. (The apple is not to be eaten. It's to make the bird extra juicy. Discard apple when hen is roasted and ready to serve.) Have

Limited time only!

Bargain Combination Offer includes 79¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush and $1 size Wildroot-with-Oil or Wildroot Regular Formula (non-oily)... a $1.79 value. Both for 89¢! Genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush has gleaming *transparent* plastic back and handle. Famous 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil grooms the hair... relieves dryness...removes loose dandruff. Get both brush and Wildroot from your drug store today at special 89¢ price! If dealer's stock is exhausted, send 89¢ to Wildroot Co., Buffalo, New York.

"It's for you—*Snoogie!*"

your quinces peeled, cored, and cut in halves or quarters, depending on their size. Use 3 large or 6 small. Arrange them around the guinea hen. Dot with butter, dust with sugar. Roast 45 to 55 minutes in quick oven.

☆ APPROPRIATE to Thanksgivingtime, I think, is this true story of an advertising man promoting the adoption of a baby. A long waiting list was on file at the institution to which his wife and he applied. A baby might not be available for a year or more.

The ad man thought things over, then started building a house. Every week he bombarded the institution with blueprints and photos of the new home, showing how devotedly he and his wife were preparing to care for the child—when they got one. The plan succeeded. A baby was given them far ahead of their turn. . . . "Standard advertising technique," says the ad man. "It brings results. Why shouldn't it bring us a kid? It did."

☆ JOHN ROBERT POWERS has written a book about his lovely models. The Powers Girls is the title. You may find helpful tips in it if you're pretty. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

☆ ". . . see the gold of the birches and the red of the maples standing in sharp contrast to the dark green of the pine and the hemlock . . . aspen leaves add their touch of flickering yellow, while the waxy barks of the white birches presage the snows. . . ."

I clipped the above charming quotation from a science article by Edwin B. Matzke, Columbia botany professor. It struck me as being a fine color scheme for an interior decorator to work with.

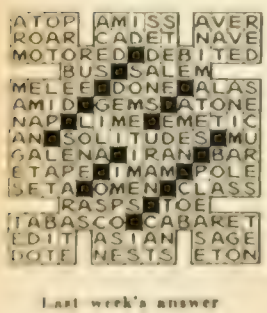
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 Edible messenger
7 Der biggest liar in der whole world
14 She danced on the piano for Grieg
15 Japan she try swallow this, get big bellyache
16 Things beasts hope they'll never become
17 Turn off the gas!
18 A few things on Old Baldy's peak, or the Fall of Dome
20 Chief ingredient of a zombie cocktail (abbr.)
22 What Irishmen do on the green
23 The uncle of democracy
25 Popular chops in Peru
27 A narrow squeak a violinist takes on the chin
29 Old Ale-eyes
31 Billy the Kid when a kid
33 Egg laid by mechanized bird
35 Labor's dirty linen
37 Hitler's animal side (pl.)
39 May in Paris
40 It has a thousand I's (pl.)
42 Hang smelly bouquets on the absent member
44 The mother-in-law seat (abbr.)
45 There's usually a mother's hand at the bottom of this
48 A trip up the river
50 Pretty girl asking you to go buy-buy (abbr.)
51 Two of these have been battling for years and having little troubles
53 An expression of national security
54 Old-fashioned rattrap (got in a dame's hair)
56 The hope of Harlem, expressed on the knees
58 What the hair-raising pigtail of the maid ended in
61 The hottest thing in the Ozarks
63 Un hombre Español
65 Muscle & Spiritual Club (abbr.)
66 Nothing much on two legs
68 Talks like a damned idiot
70 Why preachers get gray
71 Where to stay when flying across the country
73 Sheepish razzberry
75 Iron cavalry
77 Crosseyed Goofs (abbr.)
78 He's mad about diamonds
80 Reno-vate an old suit he'd pressed and got tied up in
82 Bar music, or what ladies of the upper glasses do as they walk
84 A fish that's had a puncture
85 Mechanized tree pest

VERTICAL

1 What the great passer wished he'd done in the classroom
2 Absorb coffin-nail dust in the lungs
3 Two thirds gin
4 Lithper'th Waterloo
5 Gaseous
6 Hangers
7 What to wear on a visit to Congress (two words)
8 Caesar's bone
9 Tie backward
10 Present boom in European real estate
11 Ye olde printie mehzure
12 Photographer's cheesecake
13 Suffering from inflation of the social ego
19 Nazis are leading in the inhuman one
21 Where to find the Duncan sisters on Saturday night
24 Blowouts welcoming Nazi soldiers to Russia
26 Words in closing
28 Piper's offspring
30 Furnace blasts of persons in love
32 Little places on the Styx, restful, but you can't call them your own
34 Cleo's b. f.
36 Looks blue
38 The team the charwoman made
41 Orchestral libidinous instruments
43 It's Corked to the west of Ireland
45 It's sold by the pound for toupees
46 A stranger to Mortimer Snerd
47 When will Hitler take U. S. over?
49 Collections of bright young men battering each other's brains out
52 Member of a Gashouse Gang
55 'S company
57 Louis knocked the "s" out of his comic stance
59 Dripsickle, hangs from Housesickle
60 Warning to all motorists
62 Turn on the gas
64 Monthly tributes
67 Satyrs
69 Your one good suit
72 Chap we all love
74 Et
76 Backward office-holders
79 Decidedly not
81 Distinguished Ears (abbr.)
83 The Dishwasher's Fate in the Army (abbr.)



Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

VOX POP

Continued from Page 4

explanation in Vox Pop, for I DONOT believe it necessary; I am sure it ISNOT. —*C. Austin Miles.*

LETTER FROM A LADY WITH A LOVELY NAME

GILA, N. M.—We take Liberty, and have for years, and enjoy everything in it from the editorials to Hardtack. There is one other enjoyment I wish I could share with my fellow readers.

If you have never seen the Hopi snake dance in this part of the country, go. It is worth the time and trouble, for nowhere else will you see anything like it.

Each year the Hopis pray for rain for their crops, and with abiding faith plant their little patches of land on the bank of some dry arroyo. Strangely, the seeds do come up, and the rains come.

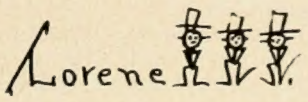
Their snake dance is their prayer for rain. They gather reptiles from far and near, such as diamondback rattlers, blue racers, and others. These are used in their ceremonies and entrusted with the prayers of the people. Then they are turned loose unharmed, so they will bear the petitions to the divinities.

All Indians' lives are filled with legends, and this dance is more or less a dramatization of an ancient half-mythical legend dealing with two fraternities that celebrate it—the snake and antelope clans. During the dance a snake is turned loose to the north, south, east, and west. That really calls for quick action, for people are sitting thick on the ground, and each snake has to be caught and handed back to the dancer before it reaches any of the spectators.

I took no chance. I sat on top of an Indian's house. I am a Cherokee Indian, but a snake is a snake to me. I do not have the faith of the Hopis that they won't bite.

All kind wishes for the best little magazine in our good old U. S.!—*Mrs. Lorene Threepersons.*

Her signature:



SLIGHT DISAGREEMENT AMONG THE QUIZ EXPERTS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Quiz Kid Joan Bishop (October 25 Vox Pop) says Deems Taylor has never been narrator of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, and gives me an error for so naming him in my Commentator Quiz.

The National Broadcasting Company tells me he was narrator during the season of 1931-32. Looks like the Quiz Kid is wrong. Maybe I win a prize—no?—*Joe Wiegers.*

Well, it's kinda mixed. The Quiz Kid said "never," which is wrong. Mr. Wiegers in his quiz used the present tense, which doesn't suggest 1932. We'd call it a draw.—VOX POP ED.

THIS GETS CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

TOCCOA, GA.—As an alternative to the suggestion in October 4 Vox Pop, in which one E. Davies opines that Germany and Russia are not really at war: I contend that Germany and England are really allies.

The "war" is just a gigantic frame-up by which they are draining America of her arms, which they will later use to take over America.—*Dick Akers.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—As a Californian myself, I was interested in the vox written by E. Davies of Long Beach. Especially this part: "Have you considered the possibility that no actual warfare exists between Germany and Russia?"

If Davies thinks it's a phony war, I'll exemplify it by the yarn of the prize-fighter getting a terrific licking. To keep up his morale, his manager yelled to him: "He ain't laying a glove on you!"

"Then you'd better keep your eye on the referee—because somebody's kicking the stuffin's out of me!"—*Wellington C. Martin.*

OH, YEAH?

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—*Re* October 11 Liberty: I don't believe I'm alone in believing that you might have incorporated Will Lindbergh Run for Senator in Minnesota? into The Ten Best Gags of Al Jolson, thus making it eleven.—*E. F. B.*

YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

ALL smokers *sometimes* inhale. And when you do, there's *increased chance* of irritation. But *now* . . . look at the findings of eminent doctors —*who compared the five leading cigarettes:*

IRRITATION FROM THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER CIGARETTES AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES THAT OF THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS — AND, WHAT'S MORE, SUCH IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Even *when you inhale,* you *can* have this *proved protection* added to smoking pleasure . . . *if you smoke* PHILIP MORRIS. No wonder they're "stealing the show!"

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FINER PLEASURE PLUS REAL PROTECTION—AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

THE LAST WORD: *Our New Book-of-the-Month Condensation*

© BACHRACH
FULTON OURSLER

NEXT WEEK, LIBERTY will offer a new feature—a condensation of one of the most popular best sellers on the current list and all boiled down to about 45 minutes reading time. The first of these condensations, which we hope to present about once a month, is Marguerite Steen's great success of this autumn, The Sun Is My Undoing. We offer this condensation as a service to our readers. Many will be so beguiled by this abridgment of a fine novel that they will wish to read it complete in the full $3.00 edition. Others who have not the time to read long books will feel, at least, that they have achieved a bowing acquaintance with a story every one is talking about. As a further piece of good news, let me add that Miss Steen has written a Christmas short story for our issue of December 27, called The Eye of the Needle. It is the kind of story that does things to the heart.

WHILE THE NOVEL IN CONDENSED FORM is our big news for next week, it is by no means the only exciting feature. Indeed, who will not feel the stirrings of curiosity on reading the title, Hitler and Goebbels' Wife? One thing is sure, the facts disclosed by Mr. Curt Riess in this article are most startling and calculated to out-surprise the most fluttered curiosity. One gets the idea that Mr. Hitler is really not a savory companion for a lovely girl on a moonlit night by the sea. That ineffable fellow, Mr. Wheezie, who makes his bow in Liberty this week, is back with another card-index catalogue of forgotten jokes and gags. Are Football Players Tramps? The question may sound like a *non sequitur* after Mr. Wheezie, who is teeming with football jokes himself, but actually it is a query raised by Eddie Dooley in the title of his next football article. What Happened to Joe Martin? Does that sound like another of Mr. Wheezie's nifties? It is not; it is the title of a fine piece of Washington political speculation by Walter Karig. Sweeney in the Trees is the title of the new Saroyan play and Mr. George Jean Nathan tells you the plot, whether you can make head or tail of it or not. Ben Hecht writes us a new short story and—listen carefully, please—we believe it is one of the greatest short stories ever published by any magazine. (HECKLER: Poe used to write for magazines. So did Dickens! So did de Maupassant. And Anatole France. And O. Henry! And Gautier! And—) Granted! But Mr. Ben Hecht's Specter of the Rose, in Liberty next week, is still one of the finest short stories ever published by any magazine. There will be other short stories, installments of the serials, and all your favorite features!

SALMAGUNDI:

Deluged with mail about the Lindbergh editorial. Not more than 25 per cent disagreed with our sentiments. . . . Went to an exhibition in the theatrical section of the Museum of the City of New York; a fine display arranged by the gracious curator, May Davenport Seymour. On display were photographs of famous living American actors and actresses. I could not help wondering how it would feel, though, to be a museum piece before your time. If you are in New York the next few weeks, try to see this interesting exhibition. . . . A young lady from Memphis, Tennessee (Southern gal with ray-ed haih), brings up an interesting question. To quote this rebelle:

"Before I become too much engrossed in knitting needles and khaki yarn and other little things that I intend to do to help in this crisis that we are about to meet I want to satisfy an urge I have had for most of the twelve years that I have been married and content.

"Since then we have lived in five different cities and therefore I have made many acquaintances and a number of friends among other married women of all ages. I play bridge and belong to several clubs but do not have a lot of time to spend on social activities as I have two children to raise, which is an interesting career in itself.

"Now, to get right down to the main subject of my letter, I will have to tell you that I am a redhead. I have several redheads among my acquaintances and have not as yet seen any display of temper among any of them. But, regardless of whether we are living in the North or the South, the general idea seems to be that all redheads have awful tempers, and a few seem to have the idea that the world would be better off without any of us Titian-haired vipers.

"For twelve years I have listened to dirty cracks (maybe that sounds a little crude but it really expresses the remarks better than anything I could say) in bridge games and club meetings and just when a few neighbors gather to drink cokes together. I have listened and they have hit the mark, but I have seldom made any sign of noticing, but now I am beginning to wonder if we redheads are not a bit slow in our counterattacks.

"Now, Mr. Oursler, if you have just a small space, won't you dedicate it to us redheads and let us try to find out just what it is that some other women have against us?"

I would be glad to hear opinions. For myself, I have always felt that true redheads were girls of spirit, dash, élan!—creatures of quick instinct, immediate in response, whether for or against, and generally right about it—lovely and enticing redheads with pale skins and boiling blood and often gorgeous freckles; witty, wonderful and very, very charming—who could fail to admire redheads?

☆ *THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.* FULTON OURSLER.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

★ ★ ★ LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE ★ ★ ★

FRUITS OF VICTORY

You can marshal an army of thin-veined and undernourished men. But you can't win *a* victory *with such an army.*

Strong bodies and sturdy hearts are as important to America today as are big guns and powerful planes.

And part of the strength of men grows on trees and in gardens—if we only know where to look for it!

(Did you know tomatoes are fruit? They're not vegetables—they're berries!) . . .

FRUITS—fresh, dried or canned—and fruit juices—fresh or canned—are sources of Vitamin C, minerals and other vitamins. Many are alkaline in reaction. Many provide needed bulk and roughage. All are nourishing and stimulating.

And because fruits are so tasty and contribute in such a variety of ways to an adequate diet, they are just as good for national strength as they are welcome to the national palate. There is all-out aid to the nation's man power to be harvested from the orchards and the gardens of America.

It isn't only the boys in camp who need their top strength for defense today. This is a time to muster the physical and mental resources of *every* man, woman and child of this nation for the *protection of America.*

Proper food will mobilize the strength of individual Americans, so that, all together, we can give our nation her maximum strength.

YOUR FAVORITE FRUITS contain dietary essentials you can't see or taste, but that you need as much as you need fresh air, to keep healthy. Stores which feature fruits are aiding our government's program to make the nation strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Liberty.

THE MAGIC FOODS

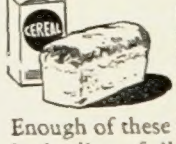
It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

MILK AND CHEESE—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.



BREAD, whole grain or enriched, and cereals with milk or cream, for B Vitamins and other nutrients.

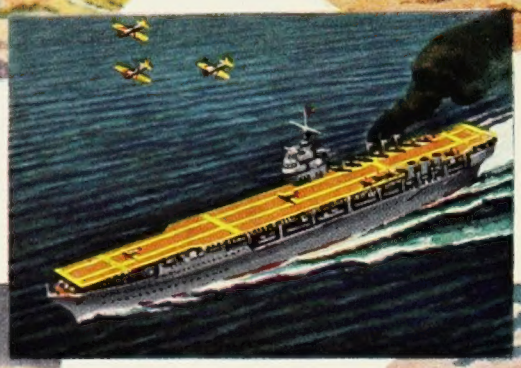
Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

"PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE *in National Defense*

"PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE is going aloft in many of America's new liquid-cooled fighting planes . . . playing a vital part in their performance . . . and in the nation's defense!

MANY OF THE ARMY'S HIGH SPEED TANKS and tough reconnaissance cars depend on the *one shot,* winter long protection of "Prestone" anti-freeze . . . *because it will not boil away!*



GETTING THERE "fustest with the mostest men" is the idea behind Uncle Sam's motorized troops. The "Prestone" anti-freeze in their transport and supply trucks will never fail them!

UNCLE SAM'S NAVY is the most powerful afloat. "Prestone" anti-freeze helps keep our ships in fighting trim! U.S.S. Ranger, aircraft carrier, shown above, is one of the many naval vessels whose mechanism is protected by "Prestone" anti-freeze.

OUR SPEEDY PATROL TORPEDO BOATS . . . "mosquitoes" with a lethal sting . . . are given absolute protection from freeze-up with dependable "Prestone" anti-freeze.

IF YOU CAN'T GET "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

Remember this In addition to the demands made on "Prestone" anti-freeze, thousands of tons of raw materials necessary for its manufacture are now being used in making vital defense equipment of many different kinds. Some of the uses to which these raw materials are being put were born in the laboratory but a short time ago.

Despite these heavy defense requirements, quantities of "Prestone" anti-freeze are still available to American motorists. But we suggest that you buy without delay. The supply may not be sufficient to meet all civilian needs.

LET'S GO! U.S.A. · KEEP 'EM FLYING

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC

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$2.65 PER GALLON